

THE
WORKS

OF
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. XXIX.

ROMANCES VOL. XX.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1822.

(15)

THE

W O R K S

OF

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

THE XXII

ROMANCES VOL XX



SWICKMAN

PRINTED FOR EDWARD BARNARD

1822

TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM.

*Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Jonny Groats',*

If there's a hole in a' your coats,

I rede ye tent it,

A chiel's amang you takin' notes,

An' faith he'll prent it.

BURNS.

VOL. IV.

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T A L E S

O F M Y L A N D L O R D

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W H O S E T A L E S O F C H I L D R E N A N D F A M I L I E S

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CHAPTER XI.

*At last comes the troop, by the word of
command
Drawn up in our court, where the captain
cries, Stand.*

SWIFT.

MAJOR BELLENDEN'S ancient valet, Gideon Pike, as he adjusted his master's clothes by his bedside, preparatory to the worthy veteran's toilet, acquainted him, as an apology for disturbing him an hour earlier than his usual time of rising, that there was an express from Tillietudlem.

«From Tillietudlem?» said the old gentleman, rising hastily in his bed, and sitting bolt upright. «Open the shutters, Pike — I hope my sister-in-law is well — furl up the bed-curtain. — What have we all here?» (glancing at Edith's note) «The gout? — why, she knows I have not had a fit since Candlemas. — The wappin-schaw? I told her a month since I was not to be there. — Paduasoy and hanging sleeves? why, hang

the gypsey herself! — Grand Cyrus and Philip-dastus — Philip Devil — is the wench gone cracy all at once? was it worth while to send an express and wake me at five in the morning for all this trash? — But what says her postscriptum? Mercy on us!" he exclaimed on perusing it, — "Pyke, saddle old Kilsythe instantly, and another horse for yourself."

"I hope nae ill news frae the Tower, sir?" said Pike, astonished at his master's sudden emotion.

"Yes — no — yes — that is, I must meet Claverhouse there on some express business; so boot and saddle, Pike, as fast as you can. — O, Lord! what times are these! the poor lad — my old cronic's son! — and the silly wench sticks it into her postscriptum, as she calls it, at the tail of all this trumpery about old gowns and new romances!"

In a few minutes the good old officer was fully equipped; and, having mounted upon his arm-gaunt charger as soberly as Mark Antony himself could have done, he paced forth his way to the Tower of Tillietudlem.

On the road he formed the prudent resolution to say nothing to the old lady, (whose dislike to presbyterians of all kinds he knew to be inveterate,) of the quality and rank of the prisoner detained within her walls, but to try

his own influence with Claverhouse to obtain Morton's liberation.

“Being so loyal as he is, he must do something for so old a cavalier as I am,” thought the veteran to himself; “and if he is so good a soldier as the world speaks of, why, he will be glad to serve an old soldier's son. I never knew a real soldier that was not a frank-hearted, honest fellow; and I think the execution of the laws (though it's a pity they find it necessary to make them so severe) may be a thousand times better entrusted with them than with peddling lawyers and thick-skulled country gentlemen.”

Such were the ruminations of Major Miles Bellenden, which were terminated by John Gudyill (not more than half-drunk) taking hold of his bridle, and assisting him to dismount in the rough paved court of Tillietudlem.

“Why, John,” said the veteran, “what devil of a discipline is this you have been keeping? You have been reading Geneva print this morning already.”

“I have been reading the Litany,” said John, shaking his head with a look of drunken gravity, and having only caught one word of the major's address to him; “life is short; sir; we are flowers of the field, sir, — hiccup — and lilies of the valley.”

“Flowers and lilies? why, man, such carles as thou and I can hardly be called old hemlocks, decayed nettles, or withered rag-weed; but I suppose you think that we are still worth watering.”

“I am an old soldier, sir, I thank Heaven” — hiccup —

“An old skinker you mean, John. But, come, never mind, shew me the way to your mistress, old lad.”

John Gudyill led the way to the stone-hall, where Lady Margaret was fidgetting about, superintending, arranging, and reforming the preparations made for the reception of the celebrated Claverhouse, whom one party honoured and extolled as a hero, and another execrated as a blood-thirsty oppressor.

“Did I not tell you,” said Lady Margaret to her principal female attendant — “did I not tell you, Mysie, that it was my especial pleasure on this occasion to have every thing in the precise order wherein it was upon that famous morning when his most sacred majesty partook of his disjune at Tillietudlem?”

“Doubtless, such were your leddyship’s commands, and to the best of my remembrance” — — was Mysie answering, when her ladyship broke in with, “Then wherefore is the venison pasty placed on the left side of the throne,

and the stoup of claret upon the right, when ye may right weel remember, Mysie, that his most sacred majesty with his ain hand shifted the pasty to the same side with the flagon, and said they were too good friends to be parted?"

"I mind that weel, madam," said Mysie; "and if I had forgot, I have heard your leddyship often speak about that grand morning sin'syne; but I thought every thing was to be placed just as it was when his majesty, God bless him, came into this room, looking mair like an angel than a man, if he hadna been sae black-a-vised."

"Then ye thought nonsense, Mysie; for in whatever way his most sacred majesty ordered the position of the trenchers and flagons, that, as weel as his royal pleasure in greater matters, should be a law to his subjects, and shall ever be to those of the house of Tillietudlem."

"Weel, ma'am," said Mysie, making the alteration required, "it's easy mending the error; but if every thing is just to be as his majesty left it, there should be an unco hole in the venison pasty."

At this moment the door opened.

"Who is that? John Gudyill?" exclaimed the old lady. "I can speak to no one just now. — Is it you, my dear brother?" she continued,

in some surprise, as the Major entered; "this is a right early visit."

"Not more early than welcome, I hope," replied Major Bellenden, as he saluted the widow of his deceased brother; "but I heard by a note which Edith sent to Charnwood about some of her equipage and books, that you were to have Claver's here this morning, so I thought, like an old firelock as I am, that I should like to have a chat with this rising soldier. I caused Pike saddle Kilsythe, and here we both are."

"And most kindly welcome you are," said the old lady; "it is just what I should have prayed, if I had thought there was time. You see I am busy in preparation. All is to be in the same order as when" — —

"The king breakfasted at Tillietudlem," said the Major, who, like all Lady Margaret's friends, dreaded the commencement of that narrative, and was desirous to cut it short. "I remember it well; you know I was waiting on his majesty."

"You were, brother," said Lady Margaret; "and perhaps you can help me to remember the order of the entertainment."

"Nay, good sooth," said the Major, "the damnable dinner that Noll gave us at Worcester a few days afterwards, drove all your

good cheer out of my memory. — But how's this? — you have even the great Turkey-leather elbow-chair, with the tapestry cushions, placed in state."

"The throne, brother, if you please," said Lady Margaret, gravely.

"Well, the throne be it, then," continued the Major. "Is that to be Claver's post in the attack upon the pasty?"

"No, brother," said the lady; "as these cushions have been once honoured by accommodating the person of our most sacred monarch, they shall never, please Heaven, during my lifetime, be pressed by any less dignified weight."

"You should not put them in the way, then, of an honest old cavalier, who has ridden ten miles before breakfast; for, to confess the truth, they look very inviting. But where is Edith?"

"On the battlements of the warder's turret," answered the old lady, "looking out for the approach of our guests."

"Why, I'll go there too; and so should you, Lady Margaret, as soon as you have your line of battle properly formed in the hall here. It's a pretty thing, I can tell you, to see a regiment of horse upon the march."

Thus speaking, he offered his arm with an air of old-fashioned gallantry, which Lady Margaret accepted with such a courtesy of acknowledgment

as ladies were wont to make in Holyrood-house before the year 1642, which, for one while, drove both courtesies and courts out of fashion.

Upon the bartizan of the turret, to which they ascended by many a winding passage and uncouth staircase, they found Edith, not in the attitude of a young lady who watches with fluttering curiosity the approach of a smart regiment of dragoons, but pale, downcast, and evincing, by her countenance, that sleep had not, in the preceding night, been the companion of her pillow. The good old veteran was hurt at her appearance, which, in the hurry of preparation, her grandmother had omitted to notice.

“What is come over you, you silly girl?” he said; “why, you look like an officer’s wife when she opens the News-letter after an action, and expects to find her husband among the killed and wounded. But I know the reason — you will persist in reading these nonsensical romances, day and night, and whimpering for distresses that never existed. Why, how the devil can you believe that Artamines, or what d’ye call him, fought single-handed with a whole battalion? One to three is as great odds as ever fought and won, and I never knew any body that cared to take that, except old Corporal Raddlebanes. But these d — d books put all pretty men’s actions out of countenance. I dare

say you would think very little of Raddlebanes, if he were alongside of Artamines. — I would have the fellows that write such nonsense brought to the picquet for leasing-making."

Lady Margaret, herself somewhat attached to the persual of romances, took up the cudgels.

"Monsieur Scuderi," she said, "is a soldier, brother, and, as I have heard, a complete one, and so is the Sieur D'Urfe."

"More shame for them; they should have known better what they were writing about. For my part, I have not read a book these twenty years except my Bible, The Whole Duty of Man, and, of late days, Turner's Pallas Armata, or Treatise on the Ordering of the Pike Exercise, and I don't like *his* discipline much neither. He wants to draw up his cavalry in front of a stand of pikes, instead of being upon the wings. Sure am I, if we had done so at Kilsythe, instead of having our handful of horse on the flanks, the first discharge would have sent them back among our Highlanders. — But I hear the kettle-drums."

All heads were now bent from the battlements of the turret, which commanded a distant prospect down the vale of the river. The Tower Tillietudlem stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon of the angle of a very precipitous bank, formed by

the junction of a considerable brook with the Clyde. There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch, across the brook near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and broken bank, winded the public road; and the fortalice, thus commanding both bridge and pass, had been, in times of war, a post of considerable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and wilder districts of the country with those beneath, where the valley expands, and is more capable of cultivation. The view downwards is of a grand woodland character; but the level ground and gentle slopes near the river form cultivated fields of an irregular form, interspersed with hedge-row trees and copses, the inclosures seeming as it were to have been cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, and which occupies, in unbroken masses, the steeper declivities and more distant banks. The stream, in colour a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the cairngorum pebbles, rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks. With a providence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants have, in most places, planted orchards around their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple-trees at this season of the

year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.

Looking up the river, the character of the scene was varied considerably for the worse. A hilly, waste, and uncultivated country approached close to the banks; the trees were few, and limited to the neighbourhood of the stream, and the rude moors swelled at a little distance into shapeless and heavy hills, which were again surmounted in their turn by a range of lofty mountains, dimly seen on the horizon. Thus the Tower commanded two prospects, the one richly cultivated and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and inhospitable moorland.

The eyes of the spectators on the present occasion were attracted to the downward view, not alone by its superior beauty, but because the distant sounds of military music began to be heard from the public high road which winded up the vale, and announced the approach of the expected body of cavalry. Their glimmering ranks were shortly afterwards seen in the distance, appearing and disappearing as the trees and the windings of the road permitted them to be visible, and distinguished chiefly by the flashes of light which their arms occasionally reflected against the sun. The train was long and imposing, for there were about two hundred and fifty

horse upon the march, and the glancing of the swords and waving of their banners, joined to the clang of their trumpets and kettle-drums, had at once a lively and awful effect upon the imagination. As they advanced still nearer and nearer, they could distinctly see the files of these chosen troops following each other in long succession, completely equipped and superbly mounted.

“It’s a sight that makes me thirty years younger,” said the old cavalier, “and yet I do not much like the service that these poor fellows are to be engaged in. Although I had my share of the civil war, I cannot say I had ever so much real pleasure in that sort of service as when I was in service on the continent, and we were hacking at fellows with foreign faces and outlandish language. It’s a hard thing to hear a hamely Scotch tongue cry quarter, and be obliged to cut him down just the same as if he called out *misericorde*. — So, there they come through the Netherwood haugh; upon my word, fine-looking fellows and capitally mounted — He that is galloping from the rear of the column must be Claver’s himself; — ay, he gets into the front as they cross the bridge, and now they will be with us in less than five minutes.”

At the bridge beneath the Tower the cavalry divided, and the greater part, moving up the

left bank of the brook, and crossing at a ford a little above, took the road of the Grange, as it was called, a large set of farm offices belonging to the Tower, where Lady Margaret had ordered preparation to be made for their reception and suitable entertainment. The officers alone, with their colours and an escort to guard them, were seen to take the steep road up to the gate of the Tower, appearing by intervals as they gained the ascent, and again hidden by projections of the bank and of the huge old trees with which it is covered. When they emerged from this narrow path they found themselves in front of the old Tower, the gates of which were hospitably open for their reception. Lady Margaret, with Edith and her brother-in-law, having hastily descended from their post of observation, appeared to meet and to welcome their guest, with a retinue of domestics in as good order as the orgies of the preceding evening permitted. The gallant young cornet (a relation as well as namesake of Claverhouse, with whom the reader has been already made acquainted) lowered the standard amid the fanfare of the trumpets, in homage to the rank of Lady Margaret and the charms of her grand-daughter, and the old walls echoed to the flourish of the instruments and the stamp and neigh of the chargers.

Claverhouse himself alighted from a black

horse, the most beautiful perhaps in Scotland. He had not a single white hair upon his whole body, a circumstance, which, joined to his spirit and fleetness, and to his being so frequently employed in pursuit of the presbyterian recusants, caused an opinion to prevail among them, that the steed had been presented to his rider by the great Enemy of Mankind in order to assist him in persecuting the fugitive wanderers. When Claverhouse had paid his respects to the ladies with military politeness, had apologized for the trouble to which he was putting Lady Margaret's family, and had received the corresponding assurances that she could not think anything an inconvenience which brought within the walls of Tillietudlem so distinguished a soldier, and so loyal a servant of his sacred majesty; when, in short, all forms of hospitable and polite ritual had been duly complied with, the Colonel requested permission to receive the report of Bothwell, who was now in attendance, and with whom he spoke apart for a few minutes. Major Bellenden took that opportunity to say to his niece, without the hearing of her grandmother, "What a trifling foolish girl you are, Edith, to send me by express a letter crammed with nonsense about books and gowns, and to slide the only thing I cared a marvedie about into the postscript."

“I did not know,” said Edith, hesitating very much, “whether it would be quite — quite proper for me to” — —

“I know what you would say — whether it would be right to take any interest in a presbyterian. But I knew this lad’s father well. He was a brave soldier; and, if he was once wrong, he was once right too. I must commend your caution, Edith, for having said nothing of this young gentleman’s affair to your grandmother — you may rely I shall not — I will take an opportunity to speak to Claver’s. Come, my love, they are going to breakfast. Let us follow them.”



CHAPTER XII.

*Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet.*

PRIOR.

THE breakfast of Lady Margaret Bellenden no more resembled a modern *dejeuné*, than the great stone-hall of Tillietudlem could brook comparison with a modern drawing-room. No tea, no coffee, no variety of rolls, but solid and substantial viands — the priestly ham, the knightly sirloin, the noble baron of beef, the princely venison pasty; while silver flagons, saved with difficulty from the claws of the Covenanters, now mantled, some with ale, some with mead, and some with generous wine of various qualities and descriptions. The appetites of the guests were in correspondence to the magnificence and solidity of the preparation —

no piddling — no boys' play, but that steady and persevering exercise of the jaws which is best learned by early morning hours, and by occasional hard commons.

Lady Margaret beheld with delight the cates which she had provided descending with such alacrity into the persons of her honoured guests, and had little occasion to exercise, with respect to any of the company saving Claverhouse himself, the compulsory urgency of pressing to eat, to which, as to the *peine forte et dure*, the ladies of that period were in the custom of subjecting their guests.

But the leader himself, more anxious to pay courtesy to Miss Bellenden, next whom he was placed, than to gratify his appetite, appeared somewhat negligent of the good cheer set before him. Edith heard, without reply, many courtly speeches addressed to her, in a tone of voice of that happy modulation which could alike melt in the low tones of interesting conversation, and rise amid the din of battle, «loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.” The sense that she was in the presence of the dreaded chief upon whose fiat the fate of Henry Morton must depend — the recollection of the terror and awe which were attached to the very name of this commander, deprived her, for some time, not only of the courage to answer, but even of the

power of looking upon him. But when, emboldened by the soothing tones of his voice, she lifted her eyes to frame some reply, the person on whom she looked bore, in his appearance at least, none of the terrible attributes in which her apprehensions had arrayed him.

Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight, and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper-lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.

The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour, which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and

gaiety of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses, which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.

In endeavouring to reply to the polite trifles with which Claverhouse accosted her, Edith showed so much confusion, that her grandmother thought it necessary to come to her relief.

“Edith Bellenden,” said the old lady, “has from my retired mode of living, seen so little of those of her own sphere, that truly she can hardly frame her speech to suitable answers. A soldier is so rare a sight with us, Colonel

Grahame, that unless it be my young Lord Evandale, we have hardly had an opportunity of receiving a gentleman in uniform. And, now I talk of that excellent young nobleman, may I enquire if I was not to have had the honour of seeing him this morning with the regiment?"

"Lord Evandale, madam, was on his march with us," answered the leader, "but I was obliged to detach him with a small party, to disperse a conventicle of those troublesome scoundrels who have had the impudence to assemble within five miles of my head-quarters."

"Indeed!" said the old lady; "that is a height of presumption to which I would have thought no rebellious fanatics would have ventured to aspire. But these are strange times! There is an evil spirit in the land, Colonel Grahame, that excites the vassals of persons of rank to rebel against the very house that holds and feeds them. There was one of my able-bodied men the other day who plainly refused to attend the wappen-schaw at my bidding. Is there no law for such recusancy, Colonel Grahame?"

"I think I could find one," said Claverhouse, with great composure, "if your ladyship will inform me of the name and residence of the culprit."

"His name," said Lady Margaret, "is Cuthbert Headrigg; I can say nothing of his domi-

cile, for ye may weel believe, Colonel Grahame, he did not dwell long in Tillietudlem, but was speedily expelled for his contumacy. I wish the lad no ill; but incarceration, or even a few stripes, would be a good example in this neighbourhood. His mother, under whose influence I doubt he acted, is an ancient domestic of this family, which makes me incline to mercy, although," continued the old lady, looking towards the pictures of her husband and her sons, with which the hall was hung, and heaving, at the same time, a deep sigh, "I, Colonel Grahame, have in my ain person but little right to compassionate that stubborn and rebellious generation. They have made me a childless widow, and, but for the protection of our sacred sovereign and his gallant soldiers, they would soon deprive me of land and goods, of hearth and altar. Seven of my tenants, whose joint rent-mail may mount to well nigh a hundred merks, have already refused to pay either cess or rent, and had the assurance to tell my steward that they would acknowledge neither king nor landlord but who should have taken the Covenant."

"I will take a course with them — that is, with your ladyship's permission," answered Claverhouse; "it would ill become me to neglect the support of lawful authority when it is lodged

in such worthy hands as those of Lady Margaret Bellenden. But I must needs say this country grows worse and worse daily, and reduces me to the necessity of taking measures with the recusants that are much more consonant with my duty than with my inclinations. And, speaking of this, I must not forget that I have to thank your ladyship for the hospitality you have been pleased to extend to a party of mine who have brought in a prisoner, charged with having resetted the murdering villain, Balfour of Burley."

"The house of Tillietudlem," answered the lady, "hath ever been open to the servants of his majesty, and I hope that the stones of it will no longer rest on each other when it surceases to be as much at their command as at ours. And this reminds me, Colonel Grahame, that the gentleman who commands the party can hardly be said to be in his proper place in the army, considering whose blood flows in his veins; and if I might flatter myself that any thing would be granted to my request, I would presume to entreat that he might be promoted on some favourable opportunity."

"Your ladyship means Serjeant Francis Stuart, whom we call Bothwell?" said Claverhouse, smiling. "The truth is, he is a little too rough in the country, and has not been uniformly so

amenable to discipline as the rules of the service require. But to instruct me how to oblige Lady Margaret Bellenden is to lay down the law to me. — Bothwell," he continued, addressing the serjeant who just then appeared at the door, "go kiss Lady Margaret Bellenden's hand, who interests herself in your promotion, and you shall have a commission the first vacancy."

Bothwell went through the salutation in the manner prescribed, but not without evident marks of haughty reluctance, and, when he had done so, said aloud, "To kiss a lady's hand can never disgrace a gentleman; but I would not kiss a man's save the king's, to be made a general."

"You hear him," said Claverhouse, smiling, "there's the rock he splits upon; he cannot forget his pedigree."

"I know, my noble colonel," said Bothwell in the same tone, "that *you* will not forget your promise; and then, perhaps, you may permit *Cornet* Stuart to have some recollection of his grandfather, though the *serjeant* must forget him."

"Enough of this, sir," said Claverhouse, in the tone of command which was familiar to him, "and let me know what you came to report to me just now."

“My Lord Evandale and his party have halted on the high-road with some prisoners,” said Bothwell.

“My Lord Evandale?” said Lady Margaret. “Surely, Colonel Grahame, you will permit him to honour me with his society, and to take his poor disjune here, especially considering, that even his most sacred majesty did not pass the Tower of Tillietudlem without halting to partake of some refreshment.”

As this was the third time in the course of the conversation that Lady Margaret had adverted to this distinguished event, Colonel Grahame, as speedily as politeness would permit, took advantage of the first pause to interrupt the farther progress of the narrative, by saying, “We are already too numerous a party of guests; but as I know what Lord Evandale will suffer (looking towards Edith) if deprived of the pleasure which we enjoy, I will run the risk of overburdening your ladyship’s hospitality. — Bothwell, let Lord Evandale know that Lady Margaret Bellenden requests the honour of his company.”

“And let Harrison take care,” added Lady Margaret, “that the people and their horses are suitably seen to.”

Edith’s heart sprung to her lips during this conversation, for it instantly occurred to her,

that, through her influence over Lord Evandale, she might find some means of releasing Morton from his present state of danger, in case her uncle's intercession with Claverhouse should prove ineffectual. At any other time, she would have been much averse to exert this influence; for, however inexperienced in the world, her native delicacy taught her the advantage which a beautiful young woman gives to a young man, when she permits him to lay her under an obligation. And she would have been the farther disinclined to request any favour of Lord Evandale, because the voice of the gossips in Clydesdale had, for reasons hereafter to be made known, assigned him to her as a suitor, and because she could not disguise from herself that very little encouragement was necessary to realize conjectures which had hitherto no foundation. This was the more to be dreaded, that, in the case of Lord Evandale making a formal declaration, he had every chance of being supported by the influence of Lady Margaret and her other friends, and that she would have nothing to oppose to their solicitations and authority, except a predilection, to avow which she knew would be equally dangerous and unavailing. She determined, therefore, to wait the issue of her uncle's intercession, and, should it fail, which she conjectured she should soon

learn, either from the looks or language of the open-hearted veteran, she would then, as a last effort, make use in Morton's favour of her interest with Lord Evandale. Her mind did not long remain in suspense on the subject of her uncle's application.

Major Bellenden, who had done the honours of the table, laughing and chatting with the military guests who were at that end of the board, was now, by the conclusion of the repast, at liberty to leave his station, and accordingly took an opportunity to approach Claverhouse, requesting from his niece, at the same time, the honour of a particular introduction. As his name and character were well known, the two military men met with expressions of mutual regard, and Edith, with a beating heart, saw her aged relative withdraw from the company, together with his new acquaintance, into a recess formed by one of the arched windows of the hall. She watched their conference with eyes almost dazzled by the eagerness of suspense, and, with observation rendered more acute by the internal agony of her mind, could guess, from the pantomimic gestures which accompanied the conversation, the progress and fate of the intercession in behalf of Henry Morton.

The first expression of the countenance of Claverhouse betokened that open and willing

courtesy, which ere it requires to know the nature of the favour asked, seems to say, how happy the party will be to confer an obligation on the suppliant. But as the conversation proceeded, the brow of that officer became darker and more severe, and his features, though still retaining the expression of the most perfect politeness, assumed, at least to Edith's terrified imagination, a harsh and inexorable character. His lip was now compressed as if with impatience, now curled slightly upward as if in civil contempt of the arguments urged by Major Bellenden. The language of her uncle, as far as expressed in his manner, appeared to be that of earnest intercession, urged with all the affectionate simplicity of his character, as well as with the weight which his age and reputation entitled him to use. But it seemed to have little impression upon Colonel Grahame, who soon changed his posture, as if about to cut short the Major's importunity, and to break up their conference with a courtly expression of regret, calculated to accompany a positive refusal of the request solicited. This movement brought them so near Edith, that she could distinctly hear Claverhouse say, «It cannot be, Major Bellenden; lenity, in his case, is altogether beyond the bounds of my commission, though in any thing else I am so heartily de-

sirous to oblige you. — And here comes Evandale with news, as I think. — What tidings do you bring us, Evandale?" he continued, addressing the young lord, who now entered in in complete uniform, but with his dress disordered, and his boots spattered as if by riding hard.

"Unpleasant news, sir," was his reply. "A large body of whigs are in arms among the hills, and have broken out into actual rebellion. They have publicly burnt the Act of Supremacy, that which established episcopacy, that for observing the martyrdom of Charles I., and some others, and have declared their intention to remain together in arms for furthering the covenanted work of reformation."

This unexpected intelligence struck a sudden and unpleasant surprise into the minds of all who heard it, excepting Claverhouse.

"Unpleasant news call you them?" replied Colonel Grahame, his dark eyes flashing fire, "they are the best I have heard these six months. Now that the scoundrels are drawn into a body, we will make short work with them. When the adder crawls into daylight," he added, striking the heel of his boot upon the floor, as if in the act of crushing a noxious reptile, "I can trample him to death; he is only safe when he remains

lurking in his den or morass. — Where are these knaves?" he continued, addressing Evandale.

"About ten miles off, among the mountains, at a place called Loudon-hill," was the young nobleman's reply. I dispersed the conventicle against which you sent me, and made prisoner an old trumpeter of rebellion, who was in the act of exhorting his hearers to rise and be doing in the good cause, as well as one or two of his hearers who seemed to be particularly insolent; and from some country people and scouts I learned what I now tell you."

"What may be their strength?" asked his commander.

"Probably a thousand men, but accounts differ widely."

"Then," said Claverhouse, "it is time for us to be up and be doing also. — Bothwell, bid them sound to horse."

Bothwell, who, like the war-horse of scripture, snuffed the battle afar off, hastened to give orders to six negroes, in white dresses richly laced, and having massive silver collars and armlets. These sable functionaries acted as trumpeters, and speedily made the castle and the woods around it ring with their summons.

"Must you then leave us?" said Lady Margaret, her heart sinking under recollection of former unhappy times; "had ye not better send to learn

the force of the rebels? — O, how many a fair face hae I heard these fearfu' sounds call away frae the Tower of Tillietudlem, that my auld e'en were ne'er to see return to it!"

"It is impossible for me to stop," said Claverhouse; "there are rogues enough in this country to make the rebels five times their strength, if they are not checked at once."

"Many," said Evandale, "are flocking to them already, and they give out that they expect a strong body of the indulged presbyterians, headed by young Milnwood, as they call him, the son of the famous old round-head, Colonel Silas Morton."

This speech produced a very different effect upon the hearers. Edith almost sunk from her seat with terror, while Claverhouse darted a glance of sarcastic triumph at Major Bellenden, which seemed to imply, — "You see what are the principles of the young man you are pleading for."

"It's a lie — it's a d—d lie of these rascally fanatics," said the Major, hastily. "I will answer for Henry Morton as I would for my own son. He is a lad of as good church-principles as any gentleman in the Life-guards. I mean no offence to any one. He has gone to church service with me fifty times, and I never heard him miss one of the responses in my life. Edith

Bellenden can bear witness to it as well as I. He always read on the same Prayer-book with her, and could look out the lessons as well as the curate himself. Call him up; let him be heard for himself."

"There can be no harm in that," said Claverhouse, "whether he be innocent or guilty. — Major Allan," he said, turning to the officer next in command, "take a guide, and lead the regiment forward to Loudon-hill by the best and shortest road. Move steadily, and do not blow the horses; Lord Evandale and I will overtake you in a quarter of an hour. Leave Bothwell with a party to bring up the prisoners."

Allan bowed, and left the apartment, with all the officers, excepting Claverhouse and the young nobleman. In a few minutes the sound of the military music and the clashing of hoofs announced that the horsemen were leaving the Castle. The sounds were presently heard only at intervals, and soon died away entirely.

While Claverhouse endeavoured to sooth the terrors of Lady Margaret, and to reconcile the veteran Major to his opinion of Morton, Evandale, getting the better of that conscious shyness which renders an ingenuous youth diffident in approaching the object of his affections, drew near to Miss Bellenden, and accosted her in a tone of mingled respect and interest.

“We are to leave you,” he said, taking her hand, which he pressed with much emotion — “to leave you for a scene which is not without its dangers. Farewell, dear Miss Bellenden; — let me say for the first, and perhaps the last time, dear Edith. We part in circumstances so singular as may excuse some solemnity in bidding farewell to one, whom I have known so long, and whom I — respect so highly.”

The manner, differing from the words, seemed to express a feeling much deeper and more agitating than was conveyed in the phrase he made use of. It was not in woman to be utterly insensible to his modest and deep-felt expression of tenderness. Although borne down by the misfortunes and imminent danger of the man she loved, Edith was touched by the hopeless and reverential passion of the gallant youth, who now took leave of her to rush into dangers of no ordinary description.

“I hope — I sincerely trust,” she said, “there is no danger. I hope there is no occasion for this solemn ceremonial — that these hasty insurgents will be dispersed rather by fear than force, and that Lord Evandale will speedily return to be what he must always be, the dear and valued friend of all in this castle.”

“Of *all*?” he repeated, with a melancholy emphasis upon the word. “But be it so — what-

ever is near you is dear and valued to me, and I value their approbation accordingly. Of our success I am not sanguine. Our numbers are so few, that I dare not hope for so speedy, so bloodless, or so safe an end of this unhappy disturbance. These men are enthusiastic, resolute, and desperate, and have leaders not altogether unskilled in military matters. I cannot help thinking that the impetuosity of our Colonel is hurrying us against them rather prematurely. But there are few that have less reason to shun danger than I have."

Edith had now the opportunity she wished to bespeak the young nobleman's intercession and protection for Henry Morton, and it seemed the only remaining channel of interest by which he could be rescued from impending destruction. Yet she felt at that moment as if, in doing so, she was abusing the partiality and confidence of the lover, whose heart was as open before her as if his tongue had made an express declaration. Could she with honour engage Lord Evandale in the service of a rival? or could she with prudence make him any request, or lay herself under any obligation to him, without affording ground for hopes which she could never realize? But the moment was too urgent for hesitation, or even for those explanations with which her request might otherwise have been qualified.

“I will but dispose of this young fellow,” said Claverhouse, from the other side of the hall, “and then, Lord Evandale — I am sorry to interrupt agreeable conversation — but then we must mount. — Bothwell, why do you not bring up the prisoner? and, hark ye, let two files load their carabines.”

In these words, Edith conceived she heard the death-warrant of her lover. She instantly broke through the restraint which had hitherto kept her silent.

“My Lord Evandale,” she said, “this young gentleman is a particular friend of my uncle’s — your interest must be great with your colonel — let me request your intercession in his favour — it will confer on my uncle a lasting obligation.”

“You over-rate my interest, Miss Bellenden,” said Lord Evandale; “I have been often unsuccessful in such applications when I have made them on the mere score of humanity.”

“Yet try once again, for my uncle’s sake.”

“And why not for your own?” said Lord Evandale. “Will you not allow me to think I am obliging *you* personally in this matter? — Are you so diffident of an old friend that you will not allow him even the satisfaction of thinking that he is gratifying your wishes?”

“Surely — surely,” replied Edith; “you will oblige me infinitely — I am interested in the

young gentleman on my uncle's account — Lose no time, for God's sake!"

She became bolder and more urgent in her entreaties, for she heard the steps of the soldiers who were entering with their prisoner.

"By Heaven! then," said Evandale, "he shall not die, if I should die in his place! — But will you not," he said, resuming the hand, which in the hurry of her spirits she had not courage to withdraw, "will you not grant me one suit, in return for my zeal in your service?"

"Any thing you can ask, my Lord Evandale, that sisterly affection can give."

"And is this all," he continued, "all you can grant to my affection living, or my memory when dead?"

"Do not speak thus, my lord," said Edith, "you distress me, and do injustice to yourself. There is no friend I esteem more highly, or to whom I would more readily grant every mark of regard — providing — But" — —

A deep sigh made her turn her head suddenly, ere she had well uttered the last word; and, as she hesitated how to frame the exception with which she meant to close the sentence, she became instantly aware she had been overheard by Morton, who, heavily ironed and guarded by soldiers,

was now passing behind her in order to be presented to Claverhouse. As their eyes met each other, the sad and reproachful expression of Morton's glance seemed to imply that he had partially heard, and altogether misinterpreted, the conversation which had just passed. There wanted but this to complete Edith's distress and confusion. Her blood, which rushed to her brow, made a sudden revulsion to her heart, and left her as pale as death. This change did not escape the attention of Evandale, whose quick glance easily discovered that there was between the prisoner and the object of his own attachment, some singular and uncommon connection. He resigned the hand of Miss Bellen-den, again surveyed the prisoner with more attention, again looked at Edith, and plainly observed the confusion which she could no longer conceal.

"This," he said, after a moment's gloomy silence, "is, I believe, the young gentleman who gained the prize at the shooting-match."

"I am not sure," hesitated Edith — "yet — I rather think not," scarce knowing what she replied.

"It is he," said Evandale, decidedly; "I know him well. A victor," he continued, somewhat haughtily, "ought to have interested a fair spectator more deeply."

He then turned from Edith, and advancing towards the table at which Claverhouse now placed himself, stood at a little distance, resting on his sheathed broadsword, a silent, but not an unconcerned spectator of that which passed.

CHAPTER XIII.

O, my Lord, beware of jealousy!

Othello.

To explain the deep effect which the few broken passages of the conversation we have detailed, made upon the unfortunate prisoner by whom they were overheard, it is necessary to say something of his previous state of mind, and of the origin of his connection with Edith.

Henry Morton was one of those gifted characters, which possess a force of talent unsuspected by the owner himself. He had inherited from his father an undaunted courage, and a firm and uncompromising detestation of oppression, whether in politics or religion. But his enthusiasm was unsullied by fanatical zeal, and untroubled by the sourness of the puritanical spirit.

From these his mind had been freed, partly by the active exertions of his own excellent understanding, partly by frequent and long visits at Major Bellenden's, where he had an opportunity of meeting with many guests whose conversation taught him, that goodness and worth were not limited to those of any single form of religious observance.

The base parsimony of his uncle had thrown many obstacles in the way of his education; but he had so far improved the opportunities which offered themselves, that his instructors as well as his friends were surprised at his progress under such disadvantages. Still, however, the current of his soul was frozen by a sense of dependence, of poverty, above all, of an imperfect and limited education. These feelings impressed him with a diffidence and reserve which effectually concealed from all but very intimate friends, the extent of talent and the firmness of character, which we have stated him to be possessed of. The circumstances of the times had added to this reserve an air of indecision and of indifference; for, being attached to neither of the factions which divided the kingdom, he passed for dull, insensible, and uninfluenced by the feeling of religion or of patriotism. No conclusion, however, could be more unjust; and the reasons of the neutrality which he had hither-

to professed had root in very different and most praise - worthy motives. He had formed few congenial ties with those who were the objects of persecution, and was disgusted alike by their narrow-minded and selfish party spirit, their gloomy fanaticism, their abhorrent condemnation of all elegant studies or innocent exercises, and the envenomed rancour of their political hatred. But his mind was still more revolted by the tyrannical and oppressive conduct of the government, the misrule, license, and brutality of the soldiery, the executions on the scaffold, the slaughters in the open field, the free quarters and exactions imposed by military law, which placed the lives and fortunes of a free people on a level with Asiatic slaves. Condemning, therefore, each party as its excesses fell under his eyes, disgusted with the sight of evils which he had no means of alleviating, and hearing alternate complaints and exultations with which he could not sympathise, he would long ere this have left Scotland had it not been for his attachment to Edith Bellenden.

The earlier meeting of these young people had been at Charnwood, when Major Bellenden, who was as free from suspicion on such occasions as Uncle Toby himself, had encouraged their keeping each other constant company without entertaining any apprehension of the natural

consequences. Love, as usual in such cases, borrowed the name of friendship, used her language, and claimed her privileges. When Edith Bellenden was recalled to her mother's castle, it was astonishing by what singular and recurring accidents she often met young Morton in her sequestered walks, especially considering the distance of their places of abode. Yet it somehow happened that she never expressed the surprise which the frequency of these rencontres ought naturally to have excited, and that their intercourse assumed gradually a more delicate character, and their meetings began to wear the air of appointments. Books, drawings, letters, were exchanged between them, and every trifling commission, given or executed, gave rise to a new correspondence. Love indeed was not yet mentioned between them by name, but each knew the situation of their own bosom, and could not but guess at that of the other. Unable to desist from an intercourse which possessed such charms for them both, yet trembling for its too probable consequences, it had been continued without specific explanation until now, when fate appeared to have taken the conclusion into its own hands.

It followed, as a consequence of this state of things, as well as of the diffidence of Morton's disposition at this period, that his confidence in

Edith's return of his affection had its occasional cold fits. Her situation was in every respect so superior to his own, her worth so eminent, her accomplishments so many, her face so beautiful, and her manners so bewitching, that he could not but entertain fears that some suitor more favoured than himself by fortune, and more acceptable to Edith's family than he durst hope to be, might step in between him and the object of his affections. Common rumour had raised up such a rival in Lord Evandale, whom birth, fortune, connections, and political principles, as well as his frequent visits at Tillietudlem, and his attendance upon Lady Bellenden and her niece at all public places, naturally pointed out as a candidate for her favour. It frequently and inevitably happened, that engagements to which Lord Evandale was a party, interfered with the meeting of the lovers, and Henry could not but mark that Edith either studiously avoided speaking of the young nobleman, or did so with obvious reserve and hesitation.

These symptoms, which, in fact, arose from the delicacy of her own feelings towards Morton himself, were misconstrued by his diffident temper, and the jealousy which they excited was fermented by the occasional observations of Jenny Dennison. This true-bred serving-damsel was, in her own person, a complete country coquette,

and when she had no opportunity of teasing her own lovers, used to take some occasional opportunity to torment her young lady's. This arose from no ill will to Henry Morton, who, both on her mistress's account and his own handsome form and countenance, stood high in her esteem. But then Lord Evandale was also handsome; he was liberal far beyond what Morton's means could afford, and he was a lord, moreover; and, if Miss Edith Bellenden should accept his hand, she would become a baron's lady, and what was more, little Jenny Dennison, whom the awful housekeeper at Tillietudlem huffed about at her pleasure, would be then Mrs Dennison, Lady Evandale's own woman, or perhaps her ladyship's lady in waiting. The impartiality of Jenny Dennison, therefore, did not, like that of Mrs Quickly, extend to a wish that both the handsome suitors could wed her young lady; for it must be owned that the scale of her regard was depressed in favour of Lord Evandale, and her wishes in his favour took many shapes extremely tormenting to Morton; being now expressed as a friendly caution, now as an article of intelligence, and anon as a merry jest, but always tending to confirm the idea, that, sooner or later, his romantic intercourse with her young mistress must have a close, and that Edith Bellenden would, in spite of summer walks beneath

the green woodtree, exchange of verses, of drawings, and of books, end in becoming Lady Evandale.

These hints coincided so exactly with the very point of his own suspicions and fears, that Morton was not long of feeling that jealousy which every one has felt who has truly loved, but to which those are most liable whose love is crossed by the want of friends' consent, or some other envious impediment of fortune. Edith herself, unwittingly, and in the generosity of her own frank nature, contributed to the error into which her lover was in danger of falling. Their conversation once chanced to turn upon some late excesses committed by the soldiery on an occasion when it was said (inaccurately however) that the party was commanded by Lord Evandale. Edith, as true in friendship as in love, was somewhat hurt at the severe strictures which escaped from Morton upon this occasion, and which, perhaps, were not the less strongly expressed on account of their supposed rivalry. She entered into Lord Evandale's defence with such spirit as hurt Morton to the very soul, and afforded no small delight to Jenny Dennison, the usual companion of their walks. Edith perceived her error, and endeavoured to remedy it; but the impression was not so easily erased, and it had no small effect in inducing her lover to

form that resolution of going abroad, which was disappointed in the manner we have already mentioned.

The visit which he received from Edith during his confinement, the deep and devoted interest which she had expressed in his fate, ought of themselves to have dispelled his suspicions; yet, ingenious in tormenting himself, even this he thought might be imputed to anxious friendship, or, at most, to a temporary partiality, which would probably soon give way to circumstances, the entreaties of her friends, the authority of Lady Margaret, and the assiduities of Lord Evandale.

“And to what do I owe it,” he said, “that I cannot stand up like a man, and plead my interest in her ere I am thus cheated out of it? — to what, but to the accursed tyranny which afflicts at once our bodies, souls, estates, and affections! And is it to one of the pensioned cut-throats of this oppressive government that I must yield my pretensions to Edith Bellenden? — I will not, by Heaven! — It is a just punishment on me for being dead to public wrongs, that they have visited me with their injuries in a point where they can be least brooked or borne.”

As these stormy resolutions boiled in his bosom, and while he ran over the various kinds of insult and injury which he had sustained in his

own cause and in that of his country, Bothwell entered the tower, followed by two dragoons, one of whom carried handcuffs.

“You must follow me, young man,” said he, “but first we must put you in trim.”

“In trim!” said Morton, “What do you mean?”

“Why, we must put on these rough bracelets I durst not — nay, d — n it I *durst* do any thing — but I *would* not for three hours plunder of a stormed town bring a whig before my colonel without his being ironed, Come, come, young man, never look sulky about it.”

He advanced to put on the irons; but, seizing the oaken-seat upon which he had rested, Morton threatened to dash out the brains of the first who should approach him.

“I should manage you in a moment, my youngster,” said Bothwell, “but I had rather you would strike sail quietly.”

Here indeed he spoke the truth; not from either fear or reluctance to adopt force, but because he dreaded the consequences of a noisy scuffle, through which it might probably be discovered that he had, contrary to express orders, suffered his prisoner to pass the night without being properly secured.

“You had better be prudent,” he continued, a tone which he meant to be conciliatory,

“and don’t spoil your own sport. They say here in the castle that Lady Margaret’s niece is immediately to marry our young Captain, Lord Evandale. I saw them close together in the hall yonder, and I heard her ask him to intercede for your pardon. She looked so devilish handsome and kind upon him that on my soul — but what the devil’s the matter with you? — You are as pale as a sheet — Will you have some brandy?”

“Miss Bellenden ask my life of Lord Evandale?” said the prisoner, faintly.

“Ay, ay; there’s no friend like the women — their interest carries all in court and camp — Come, you are reasonable now — Ay, I thought you would come round.”

Here he employed himself in putting on the fetters, against which, Morton, thunderstruck by this intelligence, no longer offered the least resistance.

“My life begged of him, and by her! — ay — ay — put on the irons — my limbs shall not refuse to bear what has entered into my very soul — My life begged by Edith, and begged of Evandale!”

“Ay, and he has power to grant it too,” said Bothwell — “He can do more with the Colonel than any man in the regiment.”

And as he spoke, he and his party led their

prisoner towards the hall. In passing behind the seat of Edith, the unfortunate prisoner heard enough, as he conceived, of the broken expressions which passed between Edith and Lord Evandale, to confirm all that the soldier had told him. That moment made a singular and instantaneous revolution in his character. The depth of despair to which his love and fortunes were reduced, the peril in which his life appeared to stand, the transference of Edith's affections, her intercession in his favour, which rendered her fickleness yet more galling, seemed to destroy every feeling for which he had hitherto lived, but, at the same time, awakened those which had hitherto been smothered by passions more gentle, though more selfish. Desperate himself, he determined to support the rights of his country, insulted in his person. His character was for the moment as effectually changed as the appearance of a villa, which, from being the abode of domestic quiet and happiness, is, by the sudden intrusion of an armed force, converted into a formidable post of defence.

We have already said that he cast upon Edith one glance in which reproach was mingled with sorrow, as if to bid her farewell for ever; his next motion was to walk firmly to the table at which Colonel Grahame was seated.

“By what right is it, sir,” said he firmly; and without waiting till he was questioned, — “By what right is it that these soldiers have dragged me from my family, and put fetters on the limbs of a free man?”

“By my commands,” answered Claverhouse; “and I now lay my commands on you to be silent and hear my questions.”

“I will not,” replied Morton, in a determined tone, while his boldness seemed to electrify all around him. “I will know whether I am in lawful custody, and before a civil magistrate, ere the charter of my country shall be forfeited in my person.”

“A pretty springald this, upon my honour!” said Claverhouse.

“Are you mad?” said Major Bellenden to his young friend. “For God’s sake, Henry Morton,” he continued, in a tone between rebuke and entreaty, “remember you are speaking to one of his majesty’s officers high in the service.”

“It is for that very reason, sir,” returned Henry, firmly, “that I desire to know what right he has to detain me without a legal warrant. Were he a civil officer of the law, I should know my duty was submission.”

“Your friend, here,” said Claverhouse to the veteran, coolly, “is one of those scrupulous gentlemen, who, like the madman in the play,

will not tie his cravat without the warrant of Mr Justice Overdo; but I will let him see, before we part, that my shoulder-knot is as legal a badge of authority as the mace of the Justiciary. So, waiving this discussion, you will be pleased, young man, to tell me directly when you saw Balfour of Burley."

"As I know no right you have to ask such a question, I decline replying to it."

"You confessed to my serjeant," said Claverhouse, "that you saw and entertained him, knowing him to be an inter-communed traitor; why are you not so frank with me?"

"Because," replied the prisoner, "I presume you are, from education, taught to understand the rights upon which you seem disposed to trample, and I am willing you should be aware there are yet Scotsmen who can assert the liberties of Scotland."

"And these supposed rights you would vindicate with your sword, I presume?" said Colonel Grahame.

"Were I armed as you are, and we were alone upon a hill-side, you should not ask me the question twice."

"It is quite enough," answered Claverhouse calmly; "your language corresponds with all I have heard of you; — but you are the son of a soldier, though a rebellious one, and you shall

not die the death of a dog; I will save you that indignity."

"Die in what manner I may," replied Morton, "I will die like the son of a brave man; and the ignominy you mention shall remain with those who shed innocent blood."

"Make your peace, then, with Heaven in five minutes space. — Bothwell, lead him down to the court-yard, and draw up your party."

The appalling nature of this conversation, and of its results, struck the silence of horror into all but the speakers. But now those who stood round broke forth into clamour and expostulation. Old Lady Margaret, who, with all the prejudices of rank and party, had not laid aside the feelings of her sex, was loud in her intercession.

"O, Colonel Grahame," she exclaimed, "spare his young blood! Leave him to the law — do not repay my hospitality by shedding men's blood on the threshold of my doors!"

"Colonel Grahame," said Major Bellenden, "you must answer this violence. Don't think, though I am old and feckless, that my friend's son shall be murdered before my eyes with impunity. I can find friends that shall make you answer it."

"Be satisfied, Major Bellenden, I will answer it," replied Claverhouse, totally unmoved;

“and you, madam, might spare me the pain of resisting this passionate intercession for a traitor, when you consider the noble blood your own house has lost by such as he is.”

“Colonel Grahame,” answered the lady, her aged frame trembling with anxiety, “I leave vengeance to God, who calls it his own. The shedding of this young man’s blood will not call back the lives that were dear to me; and how can it comfort me to think that there has maybe been another widowed mother made childless, like myself, by a deed done at my very door-stane?”

“This is stark madness,” said Claverhouse; “I *must* do my duty to church and state. Here are a thousand villains hard by in open rebellion, and you ask me to pardon a young fanatic who is enough of himself to set a whole kingdom in a blaze! It cannot be — remove him, Bothwell.”

She who was most interested in this dreadful decision, had twice strove to speak, but her voice had totally failed her; her mind refused to suggest words, and her tongue to utter them. She now sprung up and attempted to rush forward, but her strength gave way, and she would have fallen flat upon the pavement had she not been caught by her attendant.

“Help,” cried Jenny, — “Help for God’s sake! my young lady is dying.”

At this exclamation, Evandale, who, during the preceding part of the scene, had stood motionless, leaning upon his sword, now stepped forward, and said to his commanding-officer, “Colonel Grahame, before proceeding in this matter, will you speak a word with me in private?”

Claverhouse looked surprised, but instantly rose and withdrew with the young nobleman into a recess, where the following brief dialogue passed between them:

“I think I need not remind you, Colonel, that when our family interest was of service to you last year in that affair in the privy-council, you considered yourself as laid under some obligation to us?”

“Certainly, my dear Evandale,” answered Claverhouse, “I am not a man who forgets such debts; you will delight me by shewing how I can evince my gratitude.”

“I will hold the debt cancelled if you will spare this young man’s life.”

“Evandale,” replied Grahame, in great surprise, “you are mad — absolutely mad — what interest can you have in this young spawn of an old roundhead? — His father was positively the most dangerous man in all Scotland, cool, re-

solite, soldierly, and inflexible in his cursed principles. His son seems his very model; you cannot conceive the mischief he may do — I know mankind, Evandale — were he an insignificant, fanatical, country booby, do you think I would have refused such a trifle as his life to Lady Margaret and this family? But this is a lad of fire, zeal, and education — and these knaves want but such a leader to direct their blind enthusiastic hardness. I mention this not as refusing your request, but to make you fully aware of the possible consequences — I will never evade a promise, or refuse to return an obligation — If you ask his life, he shall have it.”

“Keep him close prisoner,” answered Evandale, “but do not be surprised if I persist in requesting you will not put him to death. I have most urgent reasons for what I ask.”

“Be it so, then,” replied Grahame; — “but, young man, should you wish in your future life to rise to eminence in the service of your king and country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest, and to the discharge of your duty, your private passions, affections, and feelings. These are not times to sacrifice to the dotage of greybeards, or the tears of silly women, the measures of salutary severity, which the dangers around compel us to adopt. And remember that if I now yield this point, in com-

pliance with your urgency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature."

He then stepped forward to the table, and bent his eyes keenly on Morton, as if to observe what effect the pause of awful suspense between death and life, which seemed to freeze the bystanders with horror, should produce upon the prisoner himself. Morton maintained a degree of firmness, which nothing but a mind which had nothing left on earth to love, or to hope, could have supported at such a crisis.

"You see him," said Claverhouse, in a half whisper to Lord Evandale, "he is tottering on the verge between time and eternity, a situation more appalling than the most hideous certainty; yet his is the only cheek unblenched, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that keeps its usual time, the only nerves that are not quivering. Look at him well, Evandale — If that man heads an army of rebels, you will have much to answer for on account of this morning's work." He then said aloud, "Young man, your life is for the present safe, through the intercession of your friends. — Remove him, Bothwell, and let him be properly guarded and brought along with the other prisoners."

"If my life," said Morton, stung with the idea that he owed his respite to the intercession

of a favoured rival, — «if my life be granted at Lord Evandale's request.» —

«Take the prisoner away, Bothwell,» said Colonel Grahame, interrupting him; «I have neither time to make nor to hear sentimental speeches.»

Bothwell forced off Morton, saying, as he conducted him into the court-yard, «Have you three lives in your pocket, besides the one in your body, my lad, that you can afford to let your tongue run away with them at this rate? Come, come, I'll take care to keep you out of the Colonel's way, for egad you will not be five minutes with him before the next tree or the next ditch will be the word. So, come along to your companions in bondage.»

So saying, the serjeant, who, in his rude manner, did not altogether want sympathy for a gallant young man, hurried Morton down to the court-yard, where three other prisoners (two men and a woman) who had been taken by Lord Evandale, remained under an escort of dragoons.

Mean time, Claverhouse took his leave of Lady Margaret. But it was difficult for the good lady to forgive his neglect of her intercession.

«I have thought till now,» she said, «that the Tower of Tillietudlem might have been a place of succour to those that are ready to perish,

even if they werena sae deserving as they should have been — but I see auld fruit has little savour — our suffering and our services have been of an ancient date.”

“They are never to be forgotten by me, let me assure your ladyship,” said Claverhouse. “Nothing but what seemed my sacred duty could make me hesitate to grant a favour requested by you and the major. Come, my good lady, let me hear you say you have forgiven me, and, as I return to - night, I will bring a drove of two hundred whigs with me, and pardon fifty head of them for your sake.”

“I shall be happy to hear of your success, colonel,” said Major Bellenden; “but take an old soldier’s advice, and spare blood when battle’s over — and once more let me request to enter bail for young Morton.”

“We will settle that when I return,” said Claverhouse. “Meanwhile, be assured his life shall be safe.”

During this conversation, Evandale looked anxiously around for Edith; but the precaution of Jenny Dennison had occasioned her mistress being transported to her own apartment.

Slowly and heavily he obeyed the impatient summons of Claverhouse, who, after taking a courteous leave of Lady Margaret and the Major, had hastened to the court - yard. The prisoners

with their guard were already on their march, and the officers with their escort mounted and followed. All pressed forward to overtake the main body, as it was supposed they would come in sight of the enemy in not more than two hours.

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CHAPTER XIV.

*My hounds may a' rin masterless,  
 My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,  
 My lord may grip my vassal lands,  
 For there again maun I never be!*

*Old Ballad.*

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WE left Morton, along with three companions in captivity, travelling in the custody of a small body of soldiers who formed the rear-guard of the column under the command of Claverhouse, and were immediately under the charge of Serjeant Bothwell. Their route lay towards the hills in which the insurgent presbyterians were reported to be in arms. They had not prosecuted their march a quarter of a mile ere Claverhouse and Evandale galloped past them, followed by their orderlymen, in order to take their proper places in the column which preceded them. No



sooner were they past than Bothwell halted the body which he commanded, and disencumbered Morton of his irons.

«King's blood must keep word," said the dragoon. «I promised you should be civilly treated so far as rested with me. — Here, Corporal Inglis, let this gentleman ride alongside of the other young fellow who is prisoner; and you may permit them to converse together at their pleasure, under their breath, but take care they are guarded by two files with loaded carabines. If they attempt an escape, blow their brains out. — You cannot call that using you uncivilly," he continued, addressing himself to Morton, «it's the rules of war, you know. — And, Inglis, couple up the parson and the old woman, they are fittest company for each other, d—n me; a single file may guard them well enough. If they speak a word of cant or fanatical nonsense, let them have strapping with a shoulder belt. There's some hope of choking a silenced parson; if he is not allowed to hold forth, his own treason will burst him.»

Having made this arrangement, Bothwell placed himself at the head of the party, and Inglis, with six dragoons, brought up the rear. The whole then set forward at a trot, with the purpose of overtaking the main-body of the regiment.



Morton, overwhelmed with a complication of feelings, was totally indifferent to the various arrangements made for his secure custody, and even to the relief afforded him by his release from the fetters. He experienced that blank and waste of the heart which follows the hurricane of passion, and, no longer supported by the pride and conscious rectitude which dictated his answers to Claverhouse, he surveyed with deep dejection the glades through which he travelled, each turning of which had something to remind him of past happiness and disappointed hope. The eminence which they now ascended was that from which he used first and last to behold the ancient tower when approaching or retiring from it; and, it is needless to add, that there he was wont to pause, and gaze with a lover's delight on the battlements, which, rising at a distance out of the lofty wood, indicated the dwelling of her, whom he either hoped soon to meet or had recently parted from. Instinctively he turned his head back to take a last look of a scene formerly so dear to him, and no less instinctively he heaved a deep sigh. It was echoed by a loud groan from his companion in misfortune, whose eyes, moved, perchance, by similar reflections, had taken the same direction. This indication of sympathy, on the part of the captive, was uttered in a tone more coarse than sen-



timental; it was, however, the expression of a grieved spirit, and so far corresponded with the sigh of Morton. In turning their heads their eyes met, and Morton recognized the stolid countenance of Cuddie Headrigg, bearing a rueful expression, in which sorrow for his own lot was mixed with sympathy for the situation of his companion.

“Hegh, sirs!” was the expression of the cidevant ploughman of the Mains of Tillietudlem; “it’s an unco thing that decent folk should be harled through the country this gate, as if they were a warld’s wonder.”

“I am sorry to see you here, Cuddie,” said Morton, who, even in his own distress, did not lose feeling for that of others.

“And sae am I, Mr Henry,” answered Cuddie, “baith for mysel and you; but neither of our sorrows will do muckle gude that I can see. To be sure, for me,” continued the captive agriculturist, relieving his heart by talking, though he well knew it was to little purpose, — “to be sure, for my part, I hae nae right to be here ava’, for I never did nor said a word against either king or curate; but my mother, pur body, couldna haud the auld tongue o’ her, and we maun baith pay for’t, it’s like.”

“Your mother is their prisoner likewise?” said Morton, hardly knowing what he said.



«In troth is she, riding ahint ye there like a bride wi that auld carle o' a minister, shat they ca' Gabriel Kettledrummle — De'il that he had been in the inside of a drum or a kettle either, for my share o' him! Ye see, we were nae sooner chased out o' the doors o' Milnwood, and your uncle and the housekeeper banging them to and barring them ahint us, as if we had had the plague on our bodies, than I says to my mother, What are we to do neist, for every hole and bore in the country will be steekit against us, now that ye hae affronted my auld leddy, and gar't the troopers tak up young Milnwood? Sae she says to me, Binna cast down, but gird yoursel up to the great task o' the day, and gi'e your testimony like a man upon the mount o' the Covenant.»

«And so I suppose you went to a conventicle?» said Morton.

«Ye sall hear,» continued Cuddie. — «Aweel, I kenn'd na muckle better what to do, sae I e'n ga'ed wi' her to an auld daft carline like hersel, and we gat some water-broo and bannocks, and mony a weary grace they said, and mony a psalm they sung, or they wad let me win to, for I was amaist famished wi' vexation. Aweel, they had me up in the grey o' the morning, and I behoved to whig awa' wi' them, reason or nane, to a great gathering o' their folk



at the Miry-sikes, and there this chield, Gabriel Kettledrummle, was blasting awa' to them on the hill-side, about lifting up their testimony, nae doubt, and ganging down to the battle of Ramoth Gilead, or some sic place. Eh, Mr Henry! but the carle gae them a screed o' doctrine! Ye might hae heard him a mile down the wind — He routed like a cow in a fremd loaning. — Weel, thinks I, there's nae place in this country they ca' Roman Gilead — it will be some gate in the west moorlands; and or we win there I'll see to slip awa' wi' this mother o' mine, for I winna rin my neck into a tether for ony Kettledrummle in the country side. — Aweel," continued Cuddie, relieving himself by detailing his misfortunes, without being scrupulous concerning the degree of attention which his companion bestowed on his narrative, "just as I was wearying for the tail o' the preaching, cam word that the dragoons were upon us — Some ran, and some cried stand, and some cried down wi' the Philistines — I was at my mother to get her awa' sting and ling or the red-coats cam up, but I might as weel hae tried to drive our auld fore-a-hand ox without the goad — de'il a step wad she budge. — Weel, after a', the cleugh we were in was strait, and the mist cam thick, and there was gude hope the dragoons wad hae missed us



if we could hae held our ain tongues; but, as if auld Kettledrummle himsel hadna made din aneuch to waken the very dead, they behoved a' to skirl up a psalm, that ye wad hae heard as far as Lanrick! — Aweel, to mak a lang tale short, up cam my young Lord Evandale, skelping as fast as his horse could trot, and twenty red-coats at his back. Twa or three chields wad needs fight, wi' the pistol and the whinger in the tae hand, and the Bible in the t'other, and they got their crowns weel clowred; but there was nae muckle skaith dune, for Evandale aye cried to scatter us, but to spare life."

"And did you not resist?" said Morton, who probably felt, that, at that moment, he himself would have encountered Lord Evandale on much slighter grounds.

"Na, truly," answered Cuddie, "I keepit aye before the auld woman, and cried for mercy to life and limb; but twa o' the redcoats cam up, and ane o' them was gaun to strike my mother wi' the side o' his broadsword — So I gat up my kebbie at them, and said I wad gi'e them as gude. Weel, they turned on me, and clinkit at me with their swords, and I garr'd my hand keep my head as weel as I could till Lord Evandale cam up, and then I cried out I was a servant at Tillietudlem — ye ken yoursel he was aye judged to hae a look after the young



ledly — and he bade me fling doun my kent, and sae me and my mother yielded ousels prisoners. — I'm thinking we wad hae been letten slip awa', but Kettledrummle was ta'en near us, for Andrew Wilson's naig that he was riding on had been a dragoon lang syne, and the sairer Kettledrummle spurred to win awa', the readier the dour beast ran to the dragoons when he saw them draw up. — Aweel, when my mither and him forgathered, they set till the sodgers, and I think they gae them their kale through the reek! Bastards o' the whore of Babylon was the best words in their wame. Sae then the kiln was in a bleeze again, and they brought us a' three on wi' them to mak us an example, as they ca't."

"It is most infamous and intolerable oppression," said Morton, half speaking to himself; "here is a poor peaceable fellow, whose only motive for joining the conventicle was a sense of filial piety, and he is chained up like a thief or murderer, and likely to die the death of one, but without the privilege of a formal trial, which our law indulges to the worst malefactor! Even to witness such tyranny, and still more to suffer under it, is enough to make the blood of the tamest slave boil within him."

"To be sure," said Cuddie, hearing and partly understanding what had broken from Morton



in resentment of his injuries, «it's no right to speak evil o' dignities — my auld leddy aye said that, as nae doubt she had a good right to do, being in a place o' dignity hersel; and troth I listened to her very patiently, for she aye ordered a dram, or a sowp kale, or something to us, after she had gi'en us a hearing on our duties. But de'il a dram, or kale, or ony thing else — no sae muckle as a cup o' cauld water do thae lords at Edinburgh gie us; and yet they are heading and hanging amang us, and trailing us after thae blackguard troopers, and taking our goods and gear as if we were outlaws. I canna say I tak it kind at their hands.

«It would be very strange if you did,” answered Morton, with suppressed emotion.

«And what I like warst o' a',” continued poor Cuddie, «is thae ranting redcoats coming amang the lasses and taking awa' our joes. I had a sair heart o' my ain when I passed the Mains down at Tillietudlem this morning about parritchtime, and saw the reek coming out at my ain lum-head, and kenn'd there was some ither body than my auld mither sitting by the ingle-side. But I think my heart was e'en sairer when I saw that hellicat trooper, Tam Halliday, kissing Jenny Dennison afore my face. I wonder women can hae the impudence to do sic things; but they are a' for the red-coats. Whiles I



hae thought o' being a trooper mysel, when I thought naething else wad gae doun wi' Jenny — and yet I'll no blame her ower muckle neither, for maybe it was a' for my sake that she loot Tam touzle her tap-knots that gate.

«For your sake?» said Morton, unable to refrain from taking some interest in a story which seemed to bear a singular coincidence with his own.

«E'en sae, Milnwood,» replied Cuddie; «for the puir quean gat leave to come near me wi' speaking the loon fair, (d — n him, that I suld say sae) and sae she bade me God speed, and she wanted to stap siller into my hand; — I'se warrant it was the tae half o' her fee and bountith, for she wared the other half on pinner's and pearlins to gang to see us shoot yon day at the popinjay.»

«And did you take it, Cuddie?» said Morton.

«Troth did I no, Milnwood; I was sic a fule as to fling it back to her — my heart was ower grit to be behadden to her, when I had seen that loon slaverin and kissing at her. But I was a great fule for my pains; it wad hae dune my mither and me some gude, and she'll ware't a' on duds and nonsense.»

There was here a deep and long pause. Cuddie was probably engaged in regretting the rejection of his mistress's bounty, and Henry Mor-



ton in considering from what motives, or upon what conditions, Miss Bellenden had succeeded in procuring the interference of Lord Evandale in his favour.

Was it not possible, suggested his awakening hopes, that he had construed her influence over Lord Evandale hastily and unjustly? Ought he to censure her severely, if, submitting to dissimulation for his sake, she had permitted the young nobleman to entertain hopes which she had no intention to realize? Or what if she had appealed to the generosity which Lord Evandale was supposed to possess, and had engaged his honour to protect the person of a favoured rival?

Still, however, the words which he had overheard recurred ever and anon to his remembrance, with a pang which resembled the sting of an adder.

“Nothing that she could refuse him! — was it possible to make a more unlimited declaration of predilection? The language of affection has not, within the limits of maidenly delicacy, a stronger expression. She is lost to me wholly, and for ever; and nothing remains for me now, but vengeance for my own wrongs, and for those which are hourly inflicted on my country.”

Apparently, Cuddie, though with less refinement, was following out a similar train of ideas;



for he suddenly asked Morton, in a low whisper, — «Wad there be ony ill in getting out o' thae chields' hands, an' ane could compass it?»

«None in the world,» said Morton; «and if an opportunity occurs of doing so, depend on it I for one will not let it slip.»

«I'm blythe to hear ye say sae,» answered Cuddie. «I am but a puir silly fallow, but I canna think there wad be muckle ill in breaking out by strength o' hand, if we could mak it ony thing feasible. I am the lad that will ne'er fear to lay on, if it were come to that; but our auld leddy wad hae ca'd that a resisting o' the king's authority.»

«I will resist any authority on earth,» said Morton, «that invades tyrannically my chartered rights as a freeman; and I am determined I will not be unjustly dragged to a jail, or perhaps a gibbet, if I can possibly make my escape from these men either by address or force.»

«Weel that's just my mind too, aye supposing we hae a feasible opportunity o' breaking loose. But then ye speak o' a charter; now these are things that only belang to the like o' you, that are a gentleman, and it mightna bear me through that am but a husbandman.»

«The charter that I speak of,» said Morton, «is common to the meanest Scotchman. It is that freedom from stripes and bondage which



was claimed, as you may read in Scripture, by the Apostle Paul himself, and which every man who is freeborn is called upon to defend, for his own sake and that of his countrymen."

"Heh, sirs!" replied Cuddie, "it wad hae been lang or my Leddy Margaret, or my mither either, wad hae found out sic a wiselike doctrine in the Bible! The tane was aye graning about giving tribute to Cæsar, and the tither is as daft wi' her whiggery. I hae been clean spoilt, just wi' listening to twa blethering auld wives; but if I could get a gentleman that wad let me tak on to be his servant, I am confident I wad be a clean contrary creature; and I hope your honour will think on what I am saying, if we were ance fairly delivered out o' this house of bondage, and just tak me to be your ain wally-deshamle."

"My valet, Cuddie?" answered Morton, "alas! that would be sorry preferment, even if we were at liberty."

"I ken what ye're thinking — that because I am landward bred, I wad be bringing ye to disgrace afore folk; but ye maun ken I'm gay gleg at the uptak; there was never ony thing dune wi' hand but I learned gay readily, 'septing reading, writing, and cyphering; but there's no the like o' me at the fit-ba', and I can play wi' the broadsword as weel as Corporal Inglis there. I hae broken his head or now, for as massy as



he's riding ahint us. — And then ye'll no be gaun to stay in this country? " — said he, stopping and interrupting himself.

"Probably not," replied Morton.

"Weel, I carena a boddle. Ye see I wad gat my mither bestowed wi' her auld graning tittie, auntie Meg, in the Gallowgate o' Glasgow, and then I trust they wad neither burn her for a witch, or let her fail for fau't o' food, or hang her up for an auld whig wife; for the provost, they say, is very regardful o' sic puir bodies. And then you and I wad gang and pouss our fortunes, like the folk i' the daft auld tales about Jock the Giant-killer and Valentine and Orson; and we wad come back to merry Scotland, as the sang says, and I wad tak to the stilts again, and turn sic furs on the bonnie rigs o' Milnwood holms, that it wad be worth a pint but to look at them."

"I fear," said Morton, "there is very little chance, my good friend Cuddie, of our getting back to your old occupation."

"Hout, sir — hout, sir," replied Cuddie, "it's aye gude to keep up a hardy heart — as broken a ship's come to land. — But what's that I hear? — never stir, if my auld mither isna at the preaching again! I ken the sough o' her texts, that sound just like the wind blawing through the spence; and there's Kettledrummle



setting to wark, too — Lord's sake, if the sodgers anes get angry, they'll murder them baith, and us for company!"

Their farther conversation was in fact interrupted by a blatant noise which arose behind them, in which the voice of the preacher emitted, in unison with that of the old woman, tones like the grumble of a bassoon combined with the screaming of a cracked fiddle. At first, the aged pair of sufferers had been contented to condole with each other in smothered expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injuries became more pungently aggravated as they communicated with each other, and they became at length unable to suppress their ire.

"Woe, woe, and a threefold woe unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!" exclaimed the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle — "Woe, and threefold woe unto you, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of vials!"

"Ay — ay — a black cast to a' their illfa'ar'd faces, and the outside o' the loof to them at the last day," echoed the shrill counter-tenor of Mause, falling in like the second part of a catch.

"I tell you," continued the divine, "that your rankings and your ridings — your neighings and your prancings — your bloody, barbarous,



and inhuman cruelties — your benumbing, deadening, and debauching the consciences of poor creatures by oaths, soul-damning and self-contradictory, have risen from earth to Heaven like a foul and hideous outcry of perjury for hastening the wrath to come — hugh! hugh! hugh!”

„And I say,” cried Mause, in the same tune, and nearly at the same time, „that wi’ this auld breath o’ mine, and it’s sair ta’en down wi’ the asthmatics and this rough trot” —

„De’il gin they wad gallop,” said Cuddie, „wad it but gar her haud her tongue!”

„Wi’ this auld and brief breath,” continued Mause, „will I testify against the backslidings, defections, defalcations, and declinings of the land — against the grievances and the causes of wrath.”

„Peace, I pr’ythee — Peace, good woman,” said the preacher, who had just recovered from a violent fit of coughing, and found his own anathema borne down by Mause’s better wind, „peace, and take not the word out of the mouth of a servant of the altar. — I say, I uplift my voice and tell ye, that before the play is played out — ay, before this very sun gaes down, ye sall learn that neither a desperate Judas, like your prelate Sharpe that’s gone to his place; nor a sanctuary - breaking Holofernes, like bloody - minded Claverhouse; nor an ambitious



Diotrephes, like the lad Evandale; nor a covetous and warld-following Demas, like him they ca' Serjeant Bothwell, that makes every wife's plack and her meal-ark his ain; neither your carabines, nor your pistols, nor your broadswords, nor your horses, nor your saddles, bridles, sarcingles, nose-bags, nor martingales, shall resist the arrows that are whetted and the bow that is bent against you."

„That shall they never, I trow," echoed Mause; „castaways are they ilk ane o' them — besoms of destructions, fit only to be flung into the fire when they have sweepit the filth out o' the Temple — whips of small cords, knotted for the chastisement of those wha like their warldly gudes and gear better than the Cross or the Covenant, but when that wark's dune, only meet to mak latchets to the de'il's brogues."

„Fiend hae me," said Cuddie addressing himself to Morton, „if I dinna think our mither preaches as weel as the minister! — But it's a sair pity o' his hoast, for it aye comes on just when he's at the best o't, and that lang routing he made air this morning is sair again him too — De'il an I care if he wad roar her dumb, and then he wad hae't a' to answer for himsel — It's lucky the roads rough, and the troopers are no taking muckle tent to what they say wi'



the rattling o' the horses feet; but an' we were anes on saft grund, we'll hear news o' a' this."

Cuddie's conjectures were but too true. The words of the prisoners had not been much attended to while drowned by the clang of the horses hoofs on a rough and stony road; but they now entered upon the moorland, where the testimony of the two zealous captives lacked this saving accompaniment. And, accordingly, no sooner had their steeds begun to tread heath and green sward, and Gabriel Kettledrummle had again raised his voice with, „Also I uplift my song like that of a pelican in the wilderness" —

„And I mine," had issued from Mause, „like a sparrow on the house-tops" —

When, „Hollo, ho!" cried the corporal from the rear; „rein up your tongues, the devil blister them, or I'll clap a martingale on them."

„I will not peace at the commands of the profane," said Gabriel.

„Nor I neither" said Mause, „for the bidding of no earthly potsherd, though it be painted as red as a brick of the Tower of Babel, and ca' itsel a corporal."

„Halliday," cried the corporal, „hast got never a gag about thee, man? — We must stop their mouths before they talk us all dead."

Ere any answer could be made, or any mea-



sure taken in consequence of the corporal's motion, a dragoon galloped towards Serjeant Bothwell, who was considerably a-head of the party he commanded. On hearing the orders which he brought, Bothwell instantly rode back to the head of his party, ordered them to close their files, to mend their pace, and to move with silence and precaution, as they would soon be in presence of the enemy.



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 CHAPTER XV.

*Quantum in nobis, we've thought good  
To save the expence of Christian blood,  
And try if we, by meditation,  
Of treaty, and accommodation,  
Can end the quarrel, and compose  
This bloody duel without blows.*

*Butler.*

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THE increased pace of the party of horsemen soon took away from their zealous captives the breath, if not the inclination, necessary for holding forth. They had now for more than a mile got free of the woodlands, whose broken glades had, for some time, accompanied them after they had left the woods of Tillietudlem. A few birches and oaks still feathered the narrow ravines, or occupied in dwarf clusters the hollow plains of the moor. But these were



gradually disappearing; and a wide and waste country lay before them, swelling into hills of dark heath, intersected by deep gullies; being the passages by which torrents forced their course in winter, and, during summer, the disproportioned channels for diminutive rivulets that winded their puny way among heaps of stones and gravel, the effects and tokens of their winter fury, like so many spendthrifts dwindled down by the consequences of former excesses and extravagance. This desolate region seemed to extend farther than the eye could reach, without grandeur; without even the dignity of mountain wildness, yet striking, from the huge proportion which it seemed to bear to such more favourite spots of the country as were adapted to cultivation and fitted for the support of man; and thereby impressing irresistibly the mind of the spectator with a sense of the omnipotence of nature, and the comparative inefficacy of the boasted means of amelioration which man is capable of opposing to the disadvantages of climate and soil.

It is a remarkable effect of such extensive wastes, that they impose an idea of solitude even upon those who travel through them in considerable numbers; so much is the imagination affected by the disproportion between the desert around and the party who are traversing



it. Thus the members of a caravan of a thousand souls may feel, in the deserts of Africa or Arabia, a sense of loneliness unknown to the individual traveller, whose solitary course is through a thriving and cultivated country.

It was not, therefore, without a peculiar feeling of emotion, that Morton beheld, at the distance of about half a mile, the body of the cavalry to which his escort belonged, creeping up a steep and winding path which ascended from the more level moor into the hills. Their numbers, which appeared formidable when they crowded through narrow roads, and seemed multiplied by appearing partially, and at different points, among the trees, were now apparently diminished by being exposed at once to view, and in a landscape whose extent bore such immense proportion to the column of horses and men, that, shewing more like a drove of black cattle than a body of soldiers, crawled slowly along the face of the hill, their force and their numbers seeming trifling and contemptible.

“Surely,” said Morton to himself, “a handful of resolute men may defend any defile in these mountains against such a small force as this is, providing that their bravery is equal to their enthusiasm.”

While he made these reflections, the rapid



movement of the horsemen who guarded him soon traversed the space which divided them from their companions; and ere the front of Claverhouse's column had gained the brow of the hill which they had been seen ascending, Bothwell, with his rear-guard and prisoners, had united himself, or nearly so, with the main body led by his commander. The extreme difficulty of the road, which was in some places steep, and in others boggy, retarded the progress of the column, especially in the rear; for the passage of the main body, in many instances, potched up the swamps through which they passed, and rendered them so deep, that the last of their followers were forced to leave the beaten path, and find safer passage where they could.

On these occasions, the distresses of the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle and of Mause Headrigg were considerably augmented, as the brutal troopers, by whom they were guarded, compelled them at all risks which such inexperienced riders were likely to incur, to leap their horses over drains and gullies, or to push them through morasses and swamps.

“Through the help of the Lord I have leaped over a wall,” exclaimed poor Mause, as her horse was, by her rude attendants, brought up to leap the turf in-



closure of a deserted fold, in which feat her curch flew off, leaving her grey hairs uncovered.

„I am sunk in deep mire where there is no standing — I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me,” exclaimed Kettle-drummle, as the charger on which he was mounted plunged up to the saddle-girths in a *well-head*, as they call the springs which supply the marshes, the sable streams beneath spouting over the face and person of the captive preacher.

These exclamations excited shouts of laughter among their military attendants; but events soon occurred which rendered them all sufficiently serious.

The leading files of the regiment had nearly attained the brow of the steep hill we have mentioned, when two or three horsemen, speedily discovered to be a part of their own advanced-guard, who had acted as patrole, appeared returning at full gallop, their horses much blown, and the men apparently in a disordered flight. They were followed upon the spur by five or six riders, well-armed with sword and pistol, who halted upon the top of the hill, on observing the approach of the Life-guards. One or two who had carabines dismounted, and, taking a leisurely and deliberate aim at the foremost rank of the regiment, discharged their pieces, by which two troopers



were wounded, one severely. They then mounted their horses, and disappeared over the ridge of the hill, retreating with so much coolness as evidently shewed, that, on the one hand, they were undismayed by the approach of so considerable a force as was moving against them, and conscious, on the other, that they were supported by numbers sufficient for their protection. This incident occasioned a halt through the whole body of cavalry; and while Claverhouse himself received the report of his advanced-guard, which had been thus driven back upon the main body, Lord Evandale advanced to the top of the ridge over which the enemies horsemen had retired, and Major Allan, Cornet Grahame, and the other officers, employed themselves in extricating the regiment from the broken ground, and drawing them up upon the side of the hill in two lines, the one to support the other.

The word was then given to advance, and in a few minutes the first line stood on the brow and commanded the prospect on the other side. The second line closed upon them, and also the rear-guard with the prisoners; so that Morton and his companions in captivity could, in like manner, see the form of opposition which was now offered to the further progress of their captors.



The brow of the hill, on which the royal Life-guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity, for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground, which, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavourable for the manœuvres of cavalry, until nigh the bottom, when the slope terminated in a marshy level, traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gulley, or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, trenches filled with water, out of which peats and turfs had been dug, and there and here by some straggling thickets of alders which loved the moisture so well, that they continued to live as bushes, although too much dwarfed by the sour soil and the stagnant bog-water to ascend into trees. Beyond this ditch, or gulley, the ground arose into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and as if with the purpose of defending the broken ground and ditch which covered their front, the body of insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle.

Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with fire-arms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy



the royal cavalry as they descended the opposite hill, the whole front of which was exposed, and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind this first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragoons should force the passage of the marsh. In their rear was the third line, consisting of countrymen armed with scythes set straight on the poles, hay-forks, spits, clubs, goads, fish-spears, and such other rustic implements as hasty resentment had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and sound ground whereon to act in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were, in general, but indifferently armed, and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property, or farmers of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback. A few of those who had been engaged in driving back the advanced guard of the royalists, might now be seen returning slowly towards their own squadrons. These were the only individuals of the insurgent army which seemed to be in motion. All the others stood firm and motionless, as the grey stones that lay scattered on the heath around them.



The total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men; but of these there were scarce a hundred cavalry, nor were the one half of them even tolerably armed. The strength of their position, however, the sense of their having taken a desperate step, the superiority of their numbers, but, above all, the ardour of their enthusiasm, were the means on which their leaders reckoned for supplying the want of arms, equipage, and military discipline.

On the side of the hill which rose above the array of battle which they had adopted, were seen the women, and even the children, whom zeal, opposed to persecution, had driven into the wilderness. They seemed stationed there to be spectators of the engagement, by which their own fate, as well as that of their parents, husbands, and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the ancient German tribes, the shrill cries which they raised, when they beheld the glittering ranks of their enemy appear on the brow of the opposing eminence, acted as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defence of that which was dearest to them. Such exhortations seemed to have their full and emphatic effect; for a wild halloo, which went from rank to rank on the appearance of the soldiers, intimated the resolution of the insurgents to fight to the uttermost.



As the horsemen halted their lines on the ridge of the hill, their trumpets and kettle-drums sounded a bold and warlike flourish of menace and defiance, that rang along the waste like the shrill summons of a destroying angel. The wanderers, in answer, united their voices, and sent forth, in solemn modulation, the two first verses of the seventy-sixth Psalm, according to the metrical version of the Scottish Kirk;

“In Judah’s land God is well known,  
His name’s in Israel great,  
In Salem is his tabernacle,  
In Zion is his seat.

There arrows of the bow he brake,  
The shield, the sword, the war,  
More glorious thou than hills of prey,  
More excellent art far.”

A shout, or rather a solemn acclamation, attended the close of the stanza; and, after a dead pause, the second verse was resumed by the insurgents, who applied the destruction of the Assyrians as prophetic of the issue of their own impending contest: —

“Those that were stout of heart are spoil’d,  
They slept their sleep outright,  
And none of those their hands did find,  
That were the men of might.



When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,  
 Had forth against them past,  
 Their horses and their chariots both  
 Were in a dead sleep cast.

There was another acclamation, which was followed by the most profound silence.

While these solemn sounds, accented by a thousand voices, were prolonged amongst the waste hills, Claverhouse looked with great attention on the ground, and on the order of battle which the wanderers had adopted, and in which they determined to await the assault.

“The churles,” he said, “must have some old soldiers with them; it was no rustic that made choice of that ground.”

“Burley is said to be with them for certain,” answered Lord Evandale, “and also Hackstoun of Rathillet, Paton of Meadowhead, Cleland, and some other men of military skill.”

“I judged as much,” said Claverhouse, “from the style in which these detached horsemen leapt their horses over the ditch, as they returned to their position. It was easy to see that there were a few round-headed troopers amongst them, the true spawn of the old Covenant. We must manage this matter warily as well as boldly. Evandale, let the officers come to this knoll.”



He moved to a small moss-grown cairn, probably the resting-place of some Celtic chief of other times, and the call of, "Officers to the front," soon brought them around their commander.

"I did not call you round me, gentlemen," said Claverhouse, "in the formal capacity of a council of war, for I will never turn over on others the responsibility which my rank imposes on myself. I only want the benefit of your opinions, reserving to myself, as most men do when they ask advice, the liberty of following my own. — What say you, Cornet Grahame? Shall we attack these fellows who are bellowing yonder? You are youngest and hottest, and therefore will speak first whether I will or no."

"Then," said Cornet Grahame, "while I have the honour to carry the standard of the Lifeguards, it shall never, with my will, retreat before rebels. I say, charge, in God's name and the King's!"

"And what say you, Allan?" continued Claverhouse; "for Evandale is so modest we shall never get him to speak till you have said what you have to say."

"These fellows," said Major Allan, an old cavalier officer of experience, "are three or four to one — I should not mind that much upon a



fair field, but they are posted in a very formidable strength, and show no inclination to quit it. I therefore think, with deference to Cornet Grahame's opinion, that we should draw back to Tillietudlem, occupy the pass between the hills and the open country, and send for reinforcements to my Lord Ross, who is lying at Glasgow with a regiment of infantry. In this way we should cut them off from the Strath of Clyde, and either compel them to come out of their strong-hold, and give us battle on fair terms, or, if they remain here, we will attack them so soon as our infantry has joined us, and enabled us to act with effect among these ditches, bogs, and quagmires."

"Pshaw!" said the young Cornet, "what signifies strong ground, when it is only held by a crew of canting, psalmsinging old women?"

"A man may fight ne'er the worse," retorted Major Allan, "for honouring both his Bible and Psalter. These fellows will prove as stubborn as steel; I know them of old."

"Their nasal psalmody," said the Cornet, "reminds our major of the race of Dunbar."

"Had you been at that race, young man," retorted Allan, "you would have wanted nothing to remind you of it for the longest day you had to live."



“Hush, hush, gentlemen,” said Claverhouse, “these are untimely repartees. — I should like your advice well, Major Allan, had our rascally patroles (whom I will see duly punished) brought us timely notice of the enemies’ numbers and position. But having once presented ourselves before them in line, the retreat of the Life-guards would argue gross timidity, and be the general signal for insurrection through the west. In which case, so far from obtaining any assistance from my Lord Ross, I promise you I should have great apprehensions of his being cut off before we could join him, or he us. A retreat would have quite the same fatal effect upon the King’s cause as the loss of a battle — and as to the difference of risk or of safety it might make with respect to ourselves, that, I am sure, no gentleman thinks a moment about. There must be some gorges or passes in the morass through which we can force our way; and, were we once on firm ground, I trust there is no man in the Life-guards who supposes our squadrons, though so weak in numbers, are unable to trample into dust twice the number of these unpractised clowns. — What say you, my Lord Evandale?”

“I humbly think,” said Lord Evandale, “that, go the day how it will, it must be a bloody one; and that we shall lose many brave fellows, and probably be obliged to slaughter a great



number of these misguided men, who, after all, are Scotchmen and subjects of King Charles, as well as we are."

"Rebels! rebels! and undeserving the name either of Scotchmen or of subjects," said Claverhouse; "but come, my lord, what does your opinion point at?"

"To enter into a treaty with these ignorant and misled men."

"A treaty, and with rebels having arms in their hands? Never while I live," answered his commander.

"At least send a trumpet and flag of truce, summoning them to lay down their weapons and disperse," said Lord Evandale, "upon promise of a free pardon — I have always heard that had that been done before the battle of Pentland-hills, much blood might have been saved."

"Well," said Claverhouse, "and who the devil do you think would carry a summons to these headstrong and desperate fanatics? They acknowledge no laws of war. Their leaders, who have been all most active in the murder of the Archbishop of St Andrews, fight with a rope round their necks, and are likely to kill the messenger, were it but to dip their followers in loyal blood, and to make them as desperate of pardon as themselves."



“I will go myself,” said Evandale, “if you will permit me. I have often risked my blood to spill that of others, let me now do so in order to save human lives.”

“You shall not go on such an errand, my lord,” said Claverhouse; “your rank and situation render your safety of too much consequence to the country in an age when good principles are so rare. — Here’s my brother’s son, Dick Grahame, who fears shot or steel as little as if the devil had given him armour of proof against it, as the fanatics say he has given to his uncle. He shall take a flag-of-truce and a trumpet, and ride down to the edge of the morass to summon them to lay down their arms and disperse.”

“With all my soul, Colonel,” answered the Cornet; “and I’ll tie my cravat on a pike to serve for a white flag — the rascals never saw such a pennon of Flanders lace in their lives before.”

“Colonel Grahame,” said Evandale, while the young officer prepared for his expedition, “this young gentleman is your nephew and your apparent heir; for God’s sake, permit me to go. It was my counsel, and I ought to stand the risk.”

“Were he my only son,” said Claverhouse, “this is no cause and no time to spare him. I



hope my private affections will never interfere with my public duty. If Dick Grahame falls, the loss is chiefly mine; were your lordship to die, the King and country would be the sufferers. — Come, gentlemen, each to his post. If our summons is unfavourably received, we will instantly attack, and, as the old Scottish blazon has it, God save the right!”

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CHAPTER XVI.

*With many a stout thwack and many a bang.
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang.*

Hudibras.

CORNET RICHARD GRAHAME descended the hill, bearing in his hand the extemporé flag of truce, and making his managed horse keep time by bounds and curvets to the tune which he whistled. The trumpeter followed. Five or six horsemen, having something the appearance of officers, detached themselves from each flank of the presbyterian army, and, meeting in the centre, approached the ditch which divided the hollow as near as the morass would permit. Towards this group, but keeping the opposite side of the swamp, Cornet Grahame directed his horse, his motions being now the conspicuous object

of attention to both armies; and, without disparagement to the courage of either, it is probable there was a general wish on both sides that this embassy might save the risks and bloodshed of the impending conflict.

When he had arrived right opposite to those, who, by their advancing to receive his message, seemed to take upon themselves as the leaders of the enemy, Cornet Grahame commanded his trumpeter to sound a parley. The insurgents having no instrument of martial music wherewith to make the appropriate reply, one of their number called out with a loud, strong voice, demanding to know why he approached their leaguer.

“To summon you in the King’s name, and in that of Colonel John Grahame of Claverhouse, specially commissioned by the right honourable Privy Council of Scotland,” answered the Cornet, “to lay down your arms and dismiss the followers whom you have led into rebellion, contrary to the laws of God, of the King, and of the country.”

“Return to them that sent thee,” said the insurgent leader, “and tell them, that we are this day in arms for a broken Covenant and persecuted Kirk; tell them, that we renounce the licentious and perjured Charles Stuart, whom you call King, even as he renounced the Covenant, after having once and again sworn to

prosecute to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof, really, constantly, and sincerely, all the days of his life, having no enemies but the enemies of the Covenant, and no friends but its friends. Whereas, far from keeping the oath he had called God and angels to witness, his first step, after his incoming into these kingdoms, was the fearful grasping at the prerogative of the Almighty, by that hideous Act of Supremacy, together with his expulsing, without summons, libel, or process of law, hundreds of famous faithful preachers, thereby wringing the bread of life out of the mouth of hungry, poor creatures, and forcibly cramming their throats with the lifeless, saltless, foisenless, lukewarm drammock of the fourteen false prelates, and their sycophantic, formal, carnal, scandalous creature-curates."

"I did not come to hear you preach," answered the officer, "but to know in one word, if you will disperse yourselves, on condition of a free pardon to all but the murderers of the late Archbishop of St Andrews; or whether you will abide the attack of his majesty's forces, which will instantly advance upon you."

"In one word, then," answered the spokesman, "we are here with our swords on our thighs, as men that watch in the night. We will take one part and portion together, as

brethren in righteousness. Whosoever assails us in our good cause, his blood be on his own head. So return to them that sent thee, and God give them and thee a sight of the evil of your ways!"

"Is not your name," said the Cornet, who began to recollect having seen the person whom he was now speaking with, "John Balfour of Burley?"

"And if it be," said the spokesman, "hast thou aught to say against it?"

"Only," said the Cornet, "that as you are excluded from pardon in the name of the King and of my commanding officer, it is to these country people and not to you that I offer it; and it is not with you, or such as you, that I am sent to treat."

"Thou art a young soldier, friend," said Burley, "and scant well-learned in thy trade, or thou wouldst know that the bearer of a flag of truce cannot treat with the army but through their officers; and that if he presume to do otherwise, he forfeits his safe-conduct."

While speaking these words, Burley unslung his carabine, and held it in readiness.

"I am not to be intimidated from the discharge of my duty by the menaces of a murderer," said Cornet Grahame. — "Hear me, good people; I proclaim, in the name of the

King and of my commanding officer, full and free pardon to all, excepting" ——

"I give thee fair warning," said Burley, presenting his piece.

"A free pardon to all," continued the young officer, still addressing the body of the insurgents — "to all but" ——

"Then the Lord grant grace to thy soul — amen," said Burley.

With these words he fired, and Cornet Richard Grahame dropped from his horse. The shot was mortal. The poor young gentleman had only strength to turn himself on the ground, and mutter forth, "My poor mother!" when life forsook him in the effort. His startled horse fled back to the regiment at the gallop, as did his scarce less-affrighted attendant.

"What have you done?" said one of Balfour's brother-officers.

"My duty," said Balfour firmly. "Is it not written, thou shalt be zealous even to slaying? Let those who dare, now venture to speak of truce or pardon!"

Claverhouse saw his nephew fall. He turned his eye on Evandale, while a transitory glance of indescribable emotion disturbed, for a second's space, the serenity of his features, and briefly said, "You see the event."

“I will avenge him or die!” exclaimed Evandale; and, putting his horse into motion, rode furiously down the hill, followed by his own troop, and that of the deceased Cornet which broke down without orders, and each striving to be the foremost to revenge their young officer, their ranks soon fell into confusion. These forces formed the first line of the royalists. It was in vain that Claverhouse exclaimed, “Halt, halt! this rashness will undo us.” It was all that he could accomplish by galloping along the second line, entreating, commanding, and even menacing the men with his sword, that he could restrain them from following an example so contagious.

“Allan,” he said, as soon as he had rendered the men in some degree more steady, “lead them slowly down the hill to support Lord Evandale, who is about to need it very much. — Bothwell, thou art a cool and a daring fellow” —

“Ay,” muttered Bothwell, “you can remember that in a moment like this.”

“Lead ten file up the hollow to the right,” continued his commanding officer, “and try every means to get through the bog; then form and charge the rebels in flank and rear, while they are engaged with us in front.”

Bothwell made a signal of intelligence and obedience, and moved off with his party at a rapid pace.

Mean time, the disaster which Claverhouse had apprehended did not fail to take place. The troopers, who, with Lord Evandale, had rushed down upon the enemy, soon found their disorderly career interrupted by the impracticable character of the ground. Some stuck fast in the morass as they attempted to struggle through, some recoiled from the attempt and remained on the brink, others dispersed to seek a more favourable place to pass the swamp. In the midst of this confusion, the first line of the enemy, of which the foremost rank knelt, the second stooped, and the third stood upright, poured in a close and destructive fire that emptied at least a score of saddles, and increased tenfold the disorder into which the horsemen had fallen. Lord Evandale, in the mean time, at the head of a very few well-mounted men, had been able to clear the ditch, but was no sooner across than he was charged by the left body of the enemy's cavalry, who, encouraged by the small number of opponents that had made their way through the broken ground, set upon them with the utmost fury, crying, "Woe, woe to the uncircumcised Philistines! down with Dagon and all his adherents!"

The young nobleman fought like a lion; but most of his followers were killed, and he himself could not have escaped the same fate but for a heavy fire of carabines, which Claverhouse, who had now advanced with the second line near to the ditch, poured so effectually upon the enemy, that both horse and foot for a moment began to shrink, and Lord Evandale, disengaged from his unequal combat, and finding himself nearly alone, took the opportunity to effect his retreat through the moss. But notwithstanding the loss they had sustained by Claverhouse's first fire, the insurgents became soon aware that the advantage of numbers and of position were so decidedly theirs, that, if they could but persist in making a brief but resolute defence, the Lifeguards must necessarily be defeated. Their leaders flew through their ranks, exhorting them to stand firm, and pointing out how efficacious their fire must be where both men and horse were exposed to it; for the troopers, according to custom, fired without having dismounted. Claverhouse, more than once, when he perceived his best men dropping by a fire which they could not effectually return, made desperate efforts to pass the bog at various points, and renew the battle on firm ground and fiercer terms. But the close fire of the insurgents, joined to the natural difficulties of the pass, disappointed his attempts in every point.

“We must retreat,” he said to Evandale, “unless Bothwell can effect a diversion in our favour. In the mean time, draw the men out of fire, and leave skirmishers behind these patches of alderbushes to keep the enemy in check.”

These directions being accomplished, the appearance of Bothwell with his party was earnestly expected. But Bothwell had his own disadvantages to struggle with. His detour to the right had not escaped the penetrating observation of Burley, who made a corresponding movement with the left wing of the mounted insurgents, so that when Bothwell, after riding a considerable way up the valley, found a place at which the bog could be passed, though with some difficulty, he perceived he was still in front of a superior enemy. His daring character was in no degree checked by this unexpected opposition.

“Follow me, my lads,” he called to his men; “never let it be said that we turned our backs before these canting round-heads!”

With that, as if inspired by the spirit of his ancestors, he shouted, “Bothwell! Bothwell!” and throwing himself into the morass, he struggled through it at the head of his party, and attacked that of Burley with such fury, that he drove them back above a pistol-shot, killing three men with his own hand. Burley, perceiving the consequences of a defeat on this point,

and that his men, though more numerous, were unequal to the regulars in using their arms and managing their horses, threw himself across Bothwell's way, and attacked him hand to hand. Each of the combatants was considered as the champion of his respective party, and a result ensued more usual in romance than in real story. Their followers, on either side, instantly paused, and looked on as if the fate of the day were to be decided by the event of the combat between these two redoubted swordsmen. The combatants themselves seemed of the same opinion; for, after two or three eager cuts and pushes had been exchanged, they paused, as if by joint consent, to recover the breath which preceding exertions had exhausted, and to prepare for a duel in which each seemed conscious he had met his match.

“You are the murdering villain, Burley,” said Bothwell, gripping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close — “you escaped me once, but” — (he swore an oath too tremendous to be written down) “thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me.”

“Yes,” replied Burley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, “I am that John Balfour, promised to lay thy head where thou should'st never lift

it again; and God do so to me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word."

"Then a bed of heather, or a thousand marks!" said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" answered Balfour, as he parried and returned the blow.

There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impatience of mortal hate, and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The companions of Burley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragoons, and the battle became again general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to unclose the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and foaming, with the inveteracy of thorough-bred bull-dogs.

Several horses passed over them in the *melée*

without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Bothwell was broken by the kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Bothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left gripped to the place where his dagger hung; it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle, — and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless, as Balfour, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Bothwell received the thrust without falling — it had only grazed on his ribs. He attempted no farther defence, but, looking at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed, — “Base peasant churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings!”

“Die, wretch! — die,” said Balfour, redoubling the thrust with better aim; and, setting his foot on Bothwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword. — “Die, blood-thirsty dog! die, as thou hast lived! — die, like the beasts that perish! — hoping nothing — believing nothing” —

“And FEARING nothing!” said Bothwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken.

To catch a stray horse by the bridle, throw himself upon it, and rush to the assistance of his followers, was, with Burley, the affair of a moment. And as the fall of Bothwell had given to the insurgents all the courage of which it had deprived his comrades, the issue of this partial contest did not remain a moment undecided. Several soldiers were slain, the rest driven back over the morass and dispersed, and the victorious Burley, with his party, crossed it in their turn, to direct against Claverhouse the very manœuvre which he had instructed Bothwell to execute. He now put his troop in order, with the view of attacking the right wing of the royalists; and, sending news of his success to the main body, exhorted them, in the name of Heaven, to cross the marsh, and work out the glorious work of the Lord by a general attack upon the enemy.

Meanwhile, Claverhouse, who had in some degree remedied the confusion occasioned by the first irregular and unsuccessful attack, and reduced the combat in front to a distant skirmish with fire-arms, chiefly maintained by some dismounted troopers whom he had posted behind the cover of the shrubby copses of alders which, in some places, covered the edge of the morass, and whose close, cool, and well-aimed fire greatly annoyed the enemy, and concealed their own deficiency of numbers, — Claverhouse,

while he maintained the contest in this manner, still expecting that a diversion by Bothwell and his party might facilitate a general attack, was accosted by one of the dragoons, whose bloody face and jaded horse bore witness he was come from hard service.

“What is the matter, Halliday?” said Claverhouse, for he knew every man in his regiment by name — “Where is Bothwell?”

“Bothwell is down,” replied Halliday, “and many a pretty fellow with him.”

“Then the king,” said Claverhouse, with his usual composure, “has lost a stout soldier. The enemy have passed the marsh, I suppose?”

“With a strong body of horse, commanded by the devil incarnate that killed Bothwell,” answered the terrified soldier.

“Hush! hush!” said Claverhouse, putting his finger on his lips; “not a word to any one but me. — Lord Evandale, we must retreat. The fates will have it so. Draw together the men that are dispersed in the skirmishing work. Let Allan form the regiment, and do you two retreat up the hill in two bodies, each halting alternately as the other falls back. I’ll keep the rogues in check with the rear-guard, making a stand and facing from time to time. They will be over the ditch presently, for I see their whole

line in motion, and preparing to cross; therefore lose no time."

"Where is Bothwell with his party?" said Lord Evandale, astonished at the coolness of his commander.

"Fairly disposed of," said Claverhouse, in his ear — "the king has lost a servant, and the devil has got one. But away to business, Evandale — ply your spurs and get the men together. Allan and you must keep them steady. This retreating is new work for us all; but our turn will come round again another day."

Evandale and Allan betook themselves to their task; but ere they had arranged the regiment for the purpose of retreating in two alternate bodies, a considerable number of the enemy had crossed the marsh. Claverhouse, who had retained immediately around his person a few of his most active and tried men, charged those who had crossed, in person, while they were yet disordered by the broken ground. Some they killed, others they repulsed into the morass, and checked the whole, so as to enable the main body, now greatly diminished, as well as disheartened by the loss they had sustained, to commence their retreat up the hill.

But the enemy's van being soon reinforced and supported, compelled Claverhouse to follow his troops. Never did man, however, better sup-

port the character of a soldier than he did that day. Conspicuous by his black horse and white feather, he was first in the repeated charges which he made at every favourable opportunity, to arrest the progress of the pursuers, and to cover the retreat of his regiment. The object of aim to every one, he seemed as if he was impassive to their shot. The superstitious fanatics, who looked upon him as a man gifted by the Evil Spirit with supernatural means of defence, averred that they saw the bullets recoil from his jackboots and buff-coat like hailstones from a rock of granite, as he galloped to and fro amid the storm of the battle. Many a whig that day loaded his musket with a dollar cut into slugs, in order that a silver bullet (such was their belief) might bring down the persecutor of the holy kirk, on whom lead had no power.

“Try him with the cold steel,” was the cry at every renewed charge — “powder is wasted on him. Ye might as weel shoot at the auld Enemy himsel.”

But though this was loudly shouted, yet the awe on the insurgents' mind was such, that they gave way before Claverhouse as before a supernatural being, and few men ventured to cross swords with him. Still, however, he was fighting in retreat, and with all the disadvantages attending that movement. The soldiers behind

him, as they beheld the increasing number of enemies who poured over the morass, became unsteady; and, at every successive movement, Major Allan and Lord Evandale found it more and more impossible to bring them to halt and form line regularly, while, on the other hand, their motion in the act of retreating became, by degrees, much more rapid than was consistent with good order. As they approached nearer to the top of the ridge, from which in so luckless an hour they had descended, the panic began to increase. Every one became impatient to place the brow of the hill between him and the continued fire of the pursuers, nor could any individual think it reasonable that he should be the last in the retreat, and thus sacrifice his own safety for that of others. In this mood, several troopers set spurs to their horses and fled outright, and the others became so unsteady in their movements and formations, that their officers every moment feared they would follow the same example.

Amid this scene of blood and confusion, the trampling of the horses, the groans of the wounded, the continued fire of the enemy, which fell in a succession of unintermitted musketry, while loud shouts accompanied each bullet which the fall of a trooper shewed to have been successfully aimed — amid all the terrors and disorder

of such a scene, and when it was dubious how soon they might be totally deserted by their dispirited soldiery, Evandale could not forbear remarking the composure of his commanding officer. Not at Lady Margaret's breakfast-table that morning did his eye appear more lively, or his demeanour more composed. He had closed up to Evandale for the purpose of giving some orders, and picking out a few men to reinforce his rear-guard.

“If this bout lasts five minutes longer,” he said, in a whisper, “our rogues will leave you, old Allan, and me, the honour of fighting this battle with our own hands. I must do something to disperse the musqueteers who annoy them so hard, or we shall be all shamed. Don't attempt to succour me if you see me go down, but keep at the head of your men; get off as you can, in God's name, and tell the king and the council I died in my duty.”

So saying, and commanding about twenty stout men to follow him, he gave, with this small body, a charge so desperate and unexpected, that he drove the foremost of the pursuers back to some distance. In the confusion of the assault he singled out Burley, and, desirous to strike terror into his followers, he dealt him so severe a blow on the head, as cut through his steel head-piece, and threw

him from his horse, stunned for the moment, though unwounded. A wonderful thing it was afterwards thought, that one so powerful as Balfour should have sunk under the blow of a man, to appearance, so slightly made as Claverhouse; and the vulgar, of course, set down to supernatural aid the effect of that energy, which a determined spirit can give to a feeble arm. Claverhouse had, in this last charge, however, involved himself too deeply among the insurgents, and was fairly surrounded.

Lord Evandale saw the danger of his commander, his body of dragoons being then halted, while that commanded by Allan was in the act of retreating. Regardless of Claverhouse's disinterested command to the contrary, he ordered the party which he headed to charge down hill and extricate their Colonel. Some advanced with him — most halted and stood uncertain — many run away. With those who followed Evandale, he disengaged Claverhouse. His assistance came just in time, for a rustic had wounded his horse in a most ghastly manner by the blow of a scythe, and was about to repeat the stroke when Lord Evandale cut him down. As they got out of the press, they looked round them. Allan's division had ridden clear over the hill, that officer's authority having proved altogether unequal to halt them. Evandale's

division was scattered and in total confusion.

“What is to be done, Colonel?” said Lord Evandale.

“We are the last men in the field, I think,” said Claverhouse; “and when men fight as long as they can there is no shame in flying. Hector himself would say, ‘devil take the hindmost,’ when there are but twenty against a thousand. — Save yourselves, my lads, and rally as soon as you can. — Come, my Lord, we must e’en ride for it.”

So saying, he put spurs to his wounded horse, and the generous animal, as if conscious that the life of his rider depended on his exertions, pressed forward with speed, unabated either by pain or loss of blood. A few officers and soldiers followed him, but in a very irregular and tumultuary manner. The flight of Claverhouse was the signal for all the stragglers, who yet offered desultory resistance, to fly as fast as they could, and yield up the field of battle to the victorious insurgents.

CHAPTER XVII.

*But see! through the fast-flashing lightnings
of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far!*

CAMPBELL.

DURING the severe skirmish of which we have given the details, Morton, together with Cuddie and his mother, and the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle, remained on the brow of the hill, near to the small cairn, or barrow, beside which Claverhouse had held his preliminary council-of-war, so that they had a commanding view of the action which took place in the bottom. They were guarded by Corporal Inglis and four soldiers, who, as may readily be supposed, were much more intent on watching the fluctuating fortunes of the battle, than in attending to what passed among their prisoners.

„If yon lads stand to their tackle,” said Cuddie, „we’ll hae some chance o’ getting our necks out o’ the brecham again; but I misdoubt them — they hae little skill o’ arms.”

„Much is not necessary, Cuddie,” answered Morton; „they have a strong position, and weapons in their hands, and are more than three times the number of their assailants. If they cannot fight for their freedom now, they and theirs deserve to lose it for ever.”

„O, sirs,” exclaimed Mause, „here’s a goodly spectacle indeed! My spirit is like that of the blessed Elihu, it burns within me — my bowels are as wine which lacketh vent — they are ready to burst like new bottles. O, that He may look after his ain people in this day of judgment and deliverance! — And now, what ailest thou, precious Mr Gabriel Kettledrummle? I say, what ailest thou, that wert a Nazarite purer than snow, whiter than milk, more ruddy than sulphur, (meaning, perhaps, sapphires) — I say, what ails thee now, that thou art blacker than a coal, that thy beauty is departed, and thy loveliness withered like a dry potsherd? Surely it is time to be up and be doing, to cry loudly, and to spare nought, and to wrestle for the puir lads that are yonder, testifying with their ain blude and that of their enemies.”

This expostulation implied a reproach on Mr

Kettledrummle, who, though an absolute Boanerges, or son of thunder, in the pulpit, when the enemy were afar, and indeed sufficiently contumacious, as we have seen, when in their power, had been struck dumb by the firing, shouts, and shrieks, which now arose from the valley, and, — as many an honest man might have been, in a situation where he could neither fight nor fly, — was too much dismayed to take so favourable an opportunity to preach the terrors of presbytery, as the courageous Mause had expected at his hand, or even to pray for the successful event of the battle. His presence of mind was not, however, entirely lost, any more than his jealous respect for his reputation as a pure and powerful preacher of the word.

„Hold your peace, woman,” he said „and do not perturb my inward meditations, and the wrestlings wherewith I wrestle — but of a verity the shooting of the foemen doth begin to increase; peradventure, some pellet may attain unto us even here. Lo! I will ensconce me behind the cairn, as behind a strong wall of defence.”

„He’s but a coward body after a’,” said Cuddie, who was himself by no means deficient in that sort of courage which consists in insensibility to danger; „he’s but a daidling coward body. He’ll never fill Rumbleberry’s bonnet. —

Odd! Rumbleberry fought and flyted like a fleeing dragon. It was a great pity, poor man, he couldna cheat the woodie. But they say he gaed singing and rejoicing till't just as I wad gang till a bicker o' brose, supposing me hungry, as I stand a gude chance to be. — Eh, sirs! yon's an awful sight, and yet ane canna keep their een aff frae it!"

Accordingly, strong curiosity on the part of Morton and Cuddie, together with the heated enthusiasm of old Mause, detained them on the spot from which they could best hear and see the issue of the action, leaving to Kettledrummle to occupy alone his place of security. The vicissitudes of combat, which we have already described, were witnessed by our spectators from the top of the eminence, but without their being able positively to determine to what they tended. That the presbyterians defended themselves stoutly, was evident from the heavy smoke, which, illumined by frequent flashes of fire, now eddied along the valley, and hid the contending parties in its sulphurous shade. On the other hand, the continued firing from the nearer side of the morass indicated that the enemy persevered in their attack, that the affair was fiercely disputed, and that every thing was to be apprehended from a continued contest, in which un-

disciplined rustics had to repel the assaults of regular troops so completely officered and armed.

At length horses, whose caparisons shewed that they belonged to the Life-guards, began to fly masterless out of the confusion. Dismounted soldiers next appeared, forsaking the conflict, and straggling over the side of the hill, in order to escape from the scene of action. As the numbers of these fugitives increased, the fate of the day seemed no longer doubtful. A large body was then seen emerging from the smoke, forming irregularly on the hillside, and with difficulty kept stationary by their officers, until Evandale's corps also appeared in full retreat. The result of the conflict was then apparent, and the joy of the prisoners was corresponding to their approaching deliverance.

„They have dune the job for anes,” said Cud-die, „an' they ne'er do it again.”

„They flee! — they flee!” exclaimed Mause, in ecstasy. „O, the truculent tyrants! they are riding now as they never rode before. O, the false Egyptians — the proud Assyrians — the Philistines — the Moabites — the Edomites — the Ishmaelites — The Lord has brought sharp swords upon them, to make them food for the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the field. See how the clouds roll, and the fire flashes ahint them, and goes forth before the chosen of the

Covenant, e'en like the pillar o' cloud and the pillar o' flame that led the people o' Israel out o' the land of Egypt! This is indeed a day of deliverance to the righteous, a day of pouring out of wrath to the persecutors and the ungodly."

"Lord safe us, mither," said Cuddie, "haud the clavering tongue o' ye, and lie down ahint the cairn, like Kettledrummle, honest man. Thae whigamore bullets ken unco little discretion, and will just as sune knock out the harns o' a psalm-singing auld wife as a swearing dragoon."

"Fear naething for me, Cuddie," said the old dame, transported to ecstasy by the success of her party; "fear naething for me. I will stand, like Deborah, on the tap o' the cairn, and tak up my sang o' reproach against these men of Haroshteth of the Gentiles, whose horse-hoofs are broken by their prancings."

The enthusiastic old woman would in fact have accomplished her purpose, of mounting on the cairn, and becoming, as she said, a sign and a banner to the people, had not Cuddie, with more filial tenderness than respect, detained her by such force as his shackled arms would permit him to exert.

"Eh, sirs!" he said, having accomplished this task, "look out yonder, Milnwood; saw ye ever

mortal fight like the deevil Claver'se? — Yonder he's been thrice doun amang them, and thrice cam free aff. — But I think we'll soon be free oursels, Milnwood. Inglis and his troopers look ower their shouthers very aften, as if they liked the road ahint them better than the road afore."

Cuddie was not mistaken; for, when the main tide of fugitives passed at a little distance from the spot where they were stationed, the corporal and his party fired their carabines at random upon the advancing insurgents, and, abandoning all charge of their prisoners, joined the retreat of their comrades. Morton and the old woman, whose hands were at liberty, lost no time in undoing the bonds of Cuddie and of the clergyman, both of whom had been secured by a cord tied round their arms above the elbows. By the time this was accomplished, the rear-guard of the dragoons, which still preserved some order, passed beneath the hillock or rising ground which was surmounted by the cairn already repeatedly mentioned. They exhibited all the hurry and confusion incident to a forced retreat, but still continued in a body. Claverhouse led the van, his naked sword deeply dyed with blood, as were his face and clothes. His horse was all covered with gore, and now reeled with weakness. Lord Evandale, in not much better plight, brought up the rear, still

exhorting the soldiers to keep together and fear nothing. Several of the men were wounded, and one or two dropped from their horses as they surmounted the hill.

Mause's zeal broke forth once more at this spectacle, while she stood on the heath with her head uncovered, and her grey hairs streaming in the wind, no bad representation of a superannuated bacchante, or a Thessalian witch in the agonies of incantation. She soon discovered Claverhouse at the head of his fugitive party, and exclaimed with bitter irony, «Tarry, tarry, ye wha were aye sae blythe to be at the meetings of the saunts, and wad ride every muir in Scotland to find a conventicle. Wilt thou not tarry, now thou hast found ane? Wilt thou not stay for one word mair? Wilt thou na bide the afternoon preaching? — Wae betide ye!” she said, suddenly changing her tone, «and cut the houghs of the creature whase fleetness ye trust in! — Sheugh — Sheugh — awa' wi' ye, that hae spilled sae muckle blude, and now wad save your ain — awa' wi' ye for a railing Rabshakah, a cursing Shemei, a blood-thirsty Doeg — the sword's drawn now that winna be lang o' overtaking ye, ride as fast as ye will.”

Claverhouse, it may be easily supposed, was too busy to attend to her reproaches, but hastened over the hill, anxious to get the remnant

of his men out of gun-shot, in hopes of again collecting the fugitives round his standard. But as the rear of his followers rode over the ridge, a shot struck Lord Evandale's horse, which instantly sunk down dead beneath him. Two of the whig horsemen, who were the foremost in the pursuit, hastened up with the purpose of killing him, for hitherto there had been no quarter given. Morton, on the other hand, rushed forward to save his life, if possible, in order at once to indulge his natural generosity, and to requite the obligation which Lord Evandale had conferred on him that morning, and under which circumstances had made him wince so acutely. Just as he had assisted Evandale, who was much wounded, to extricate himself from his dying horse, and to gain his feet, the two horsemen came up, and one of them exclaiming, "Have at the red-coated tyrant!" made a blow at the young nobleman, which Morton parried with difficulty, exclaiming to the rider, who was no other than Burley himself, "Give quarter to this gentleman, for my sake — for the sake," he added, observing that Burley did not immediately recognize him, "of Henry Morton, who so lately sheltered you."

"Henry Morton?" replied Burley, wiping his bloody brow with his bloodier hand, "did I not say that the son of Silas Morton would come

forth out of the land of bondage, nor be long an indweller in the tents of Ham? Thou art a brand snatched out of the burning — But for this booted apostle of prelacy, he shall die the death! — We must smite them hip and thigh, even from the rising to the going down of the sun. It is our commission to slay them like Amalek, and utterly destroy all they have, and spare neither man nor woman, infant or suckling; therefore, hinder me not," he continued, endeavouring again to cut down Lord Evandale, "for this work must not be wrought negligently."

"You must not, and you shall not, slay him, more especially while incapable of defence," said Morton, planting himself before Lord Evandale so as to intercept any blow that should be aimed at him; "I owed my life to him this morning — my life, which was endangered solely by my having sheltered you; and to shed his blood when he can offer no effectual resistance, were not only a cruelty abhorrent to God and man, but detestable ingratitude both to him and to me."

Burley paused. "Thou art yet," he said, "in the court of the Gentiles, and I compassionate thy human blindness and frailty. Strong meat is not fit for babes, nor the mighty and grinding dispensation under which I draw my sword, for those whose hearts are yet dwelling in huts

of clay, whose footsteps are tangled in the mesh of mortal sympathies, and who clothe themselves in the righteousness that is as filthy rags. But to gain a soul to the truth is better than to send one to Tophet; therefore I give quarter to this youth, providing the grant is confirmed by the general council of God's army, whom he hath this day blessed with so signal a deliverance. — Thou art unarmed — Abide my return here. I must yet pursue these sinners, the Amalekites, and destroy them still they be utterly consumed from the face of the land, even from Havilah unto Shur."

So saying, he set spurs to his horse, and continued to pursue the chase.

"Cuddie," said Morton, „for God's sake catch a horse as quickly as you can, I will not trust Lord Evandale's life with these obdurate men. — You are wounded, my Lord. Are you able to continue your retreat?" he added, addressing himself to his prisoner, who, half stunned by the fall, was but beginning to recover himself.

"I think so," replied Lord Evandale. „But is it possible? — Do I owe my life to Mr Morton?"

"My interference would have been the same from common humanity," replied Morton; „to your Lordship it was a sacred debt of gratitude."

Cuddie at this instant returned with a horse. „God - sake, mount — mount, and ride like a fleeing hawk, my Lord,” said the good-natured fellow, „for ne’er be in me, if they are na killing every ane o’ the wounded and prisoners.”

Lord Evandale mounted the horse, while Cuddie officiously held the stirrup.

„Stand off, good fellow, thy courtesy may cost thy life. — Mr Morton,” he continued, addressing Henry, „this makes us more than even — rely on it I will never forget your generosity — Farewell.”

He turned his horse, and rode swiftly away in the direction which seemed least exposed to pursuit.

Lord Evandale had just rode off, when several of the insurgents, who were in the front of the pursuit, came up, denouncing vengeance on Henry Morton and Cuddie for having aided the escape of a Philistine, as they called the young nobleman.

„What wad ye hae had us do?” cried Cuddie. „Had we aught to stop a man wi’, that had twa pistols and a sword? sudna ye hae come faster up yoursels, instead of flyting at huz?”

This excuse would hardly have passed current; but Kettledrummle, who now awoke from his trance of terror, and was known to, and re-

verenced by, most of the wanderers, together with Mause, who possessed their appropriate language, as well as the preacher himself, proved active and effectual intercessors.

„Touch them not, harm them not,” exclaimed Kettledrummle, in his very best double-bass tones; „this is the son of the famous Silas Morton, by whom the Lord wrought great things in this land at the breaking forth of the reformation from prelacy, when there was a plentiful pouring forth of the Word and a renewing of the Covenant; a hero and champion of those blessed days, when there was power, and efficacy, and convincing, and converting of sinners, and heart-exercises, and fellowship of saints, and a plentiful flowing forth of the spices of the garden of Eden.”

„And this is my son Cuddie,” exclaimed Mause in her turn, „the son of his father, Jud-den Headrigg, wha was a douse honest man, and of me, Mause Middlemas, an unworthy professor and follower of the pure gospel, and ane o’ your ain folk. Is it not written, „Cut ye not off the tribes of the families of the Kothathites from among the Levites?’ Numbers, fourth and seventh — O, sirs! dinna be standing here prattling wi’ honest folk, when ye sud be following forth your victory with which Providence has blessed ye.”

This party having passed on, they were immediately beset by another, to whom it was necessary to give the same explanation. Kettledrummle, whose fear was much dissipated since the firing had ceased, again took upon him to be intercessor, and, grown bold, as he felt his good word necessary for the protection of his late fellow-captives, he laid claim to no small share of the merit of the victory, appealing to Morton and Cuddie, whether the tide of battle had not turned while he prayed on the Mount of Jehovah Nisi, like Moses, that Israel might prevail over Amelek; but granting them, at the same time, the credit of holding up his hands when they waxed heavy, as those of the prophet were supported by Aaron and Hur. It seems probable that Kettledrummle allotted this part in the success to his companions in adversity, lest they should be tempted to disclose his carnal self-seeking and falling away, in regarding too closely his own personal safety. These strong testimonies in favour of the liberated captives quickly flew abroad with many exaggerations among the victorious army. The reports on the subject were various; but it was universally agreed, that young Morton of Milnwood, the son of the stout soldier of the Covenant, Silas Morton, together with the precious Gabriel Kettledrummle, and a singular devout

Christian woman, whom many thought as good as himself at extracting a doctrine or an use, whether of terror or consolation, had arrived to support the good old cause, with a reinforcement of a hundred wellarmed men from the Middle Ward.


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CHAPTER XVIII.

*When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.*

*Hudibras*

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IN the mean time, the insurgent cavalry returned from the pursuit, jaded and worn out with their unwonted efforts, and the infantry assembled on the ground which they had won, fatigued with toil and hunger. Their success, however, was a cordial to every bosom, and seemed even to serve in the stead of food and refreshment. It was, indeed, much more brilliant than they durst have ventured to anticipate; for, with no great loss on their part, they had totally routed a regiment of picked men, commanded by the first officer in Scotland, and one whose very name had long been a terror to them. Their success seemed even to have upon their spirits the effect of a sudden and



violent surprise, so much had their taking up arms been a measure of desperation rather than of hope. Their meeting was also casual, and they had hastily arranged themselves under such commanders as were remarkable for zeal and courage, without much respect to any other qualities. It followed, from this state of disorganization, that the whole army appeared at once to resolve itself into a general committee for considering what steps were to be taken in consequence of their success, and no opinion could be started so wild that it had not some favourers and advocates. Some proposed they should march to Glasgow, some to Hamilton, some to Edinburgh, some to London. Some were for sending a deputation of their number to London to convert Charles II. to a sense of the error of his ways, and others, less charitable, proposed either to call a new successor to the crown, or to declare Scotland a free republic. A free parliament of the nation, and a free assembly of the Kirk, were the objects of the more sensible and moderate of the party. In the meanwhile, a clamour arose among the soldiers for bread and other necessaries, and while all complained of hardship and hunger, none took the necessary measures to procure supplies. In short, the camp of the Covenanters, even in the very moment of success, seemed



about to dissolve like a rope of sand, from want of the original principles of combination and union.

Burley, who had now returned from the pursuit, found his followers in this distracted state. With the ready talent of one accustomed to encounter exigencies, he proposed, that one hundred of the freshest men should be drawn out for duty — that a small number of those who had hitherto acted as leaders, should constitute a committee of direction until officers should be regularly chosen — and that, to crown the victory, Gabriel Kettledrummle should be called upon to improve the providential success which they had obtained, by a word in season addressed to the army. He reckoned very much, and not without reason, on this last expedient, as a means of engaging the attention of the bulk of the insurgents, while he himself, and two or three of their leaders, held a private council-of-war, undisturbed by the discordant opinions or senseless clamour of the general body.

Kettledrummle more than answered the expectations of Burley. Two mortal hours did he preach at a breathing; and certainly no lungs, or doctrine, excepting his own, could have kept up, for so long a time, the attention of men in such precarious circumstances. But he pos-



sessed in perfection a sort of rude and familiar eloquence peculiar to the preachers of that period, which, though it would have been fastidiously rejected by an audience which possessed any portion of taste, was a cake of the right leaven for the palates of those whom he now addressed. His text was from the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah. "Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered; for I will contend with them that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children.

"And I will feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh, and they shall be drunken with their own blood as with sweet wine, and all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour, and thy Redeemer, the Mighty one of Jacob."

The discourse which he pronounced upon this subject was divided into fifteen heads, each of which was garnished with seven uses of application, two of consolation, two of terror, two declaring the causes of backsliding and of wrath, and one announcing the promised and expected deliverance. The first part of his text he applied to his own deliverance and that of his companions, and took occasion to speak a few words in praise of young Milnwood, of whom, as of a champion of the Covenant, he augured great things. The second part he applied to the



punishments which were about to fall upon the persecuting government. At times he was familiar and colloquial; now he was loud, energetic, and boisterous; some parts of his discourse might be called sublime, and others sunk below burlesque. Occasionally he vindicated with great animation the right of every freeman to worship God according to his own conscience; and presently he charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of their rulers, who had not only failed to establish presbytery as the national religion, but had tolerated sectaries of various descriptions, Papists, Prelatists, Erastians assuming the name of Presbyterians, Independants, Socinians, and Quakers; all of whom Kettledrummle proposed, by one sweeping act, to expel from the land, and thus re-edify in its integrity the beauty of the sanctuary. He next handled very pithily the doctrine of defensive arms and of resistance to Charles II., observing, that instead of a nursing father to the Kirk, that monarch had been a nursing father to none but his own bastards. He went at some length through the life and conversation of that joyous prince, few parts of which, it must be owned, were qualified to stand the rough handling of so uncourtly an orator, who conferred on him the hard names of Jeroboam, Omri, Ahab, Shallum, Pekah, and every other



evil monarch recorded in the Chronicles, and concluded with a round application of the Scripture, "Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the KING it is provided: he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much wood: the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it."

Kettledrummle had no sooner ended his sermon, and descended from the huge rock which had served him for a pulpit, than his post was occupied by a pastor of a very different description. The reverend Gabriel was advanced in years, somewhat corpulent, with a loud voice, a square face, and a set of stupid and unanimated features, in which the body seemed more to predominate over the spirit than was seemly in a sound divine. The youth who succeeded him in exhorting this extraordinary convocation, was hardly twenty years old, yet his thin features already indicated, that a constitution, naturally hectic, was worn out by vigils, by fasts, by the rigour of imprisonment, and the fatigues incident to a fugitive life. Young as he was, he had been twice imprisoned for several months, and suffered many severities, which gave him great influence with those of his own sect. He threw his faded eyes over the multitude and over the scene of battle, and a light of triumph arose in his glance, his pale yet striking features



were coloured with a transient and hectic blush of joy. He folded his hands, raised his face to Heaven, and seemed lost in mental prayer and thanksgiving ere he addressed the people. When he spoke, his faint and broken voice seemed at first inadequate to express his conceptions. But the deep silence of the assembly, the eagerness with which the ear gathered every word, as the famished Israelites collected the heavenly manna, had a corresponding effect upon the preacher himself. His words became more distinct, his manner more earnest and energetic; it seemed as if religious zeal was triumphing over bodily weakness and infirmity. His natural eloquence was not altogether untainted with the coarseness of his sect, and yet, by the influence of a good natural taste, it was freed from the grosser and more ludicrous errors of his contemporaries; and the language of Scripture, which, in their mouths, was sometimes degraded by misapplication, gave, in Macbriar's exhortation, a rich and solemn effect, like that which is produced by the beams of the sun streaming through the storied representation of saints and martyrs on the Gothic window of some ancient cathedral.

He painted the desolation of the church, during the late period of her distresses, in the most affecting colours. He described her, like



Hagar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainless desert; like Judah, under her palm-tree, mourning for the devastation of her temple; like Rachael, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly rose into rough sublimity when addressing the men yet reeking from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done for them, and to persevere in the career which their victory had opened.

“Your garments are dyed — but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood,” he exclaimed, “but not with the blood of goats or lambs; the dust of the desert on which ye stand is made fat with gore, but not with the blood of bullocks, for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the firstlings of the flock, the small cattle of burnt-offerings, whose bodies lie like dung on the ploughed field of the husbandman; this is not the savour of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs, that is streaming in your nostrils; but these bloody trunks are the carcasses of those that held the bow and the lance, who were cruel and would shew no mercy, whose voice roared like the sea, who rode upon horses, every man in array as if to battle — they are the carcasses even of the mighty men of war that came



against Jacob in the day of his deliverance, and the smoke is that of the devouring fires that have consumed them. And those wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censors and with torches, but ye hold in your hands the sword, and the bow, and the weapons of death — And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient Temple was in its first glory was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice. Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow — turn not back from the path in which you have entered, like the famous worthies of old, whom God raised up for the glorifying of his name and the deliverance of his afflicted people — halt not in the race you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheepfold, or the seedsman continue in the ploughed field, but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of



hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters, for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight. Heaven has been with you, and has broken the bow of the mighty; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Maccabeus, every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Sampson, every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of Reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in its first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

«Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and woe, woe unto him who for carnal ends and self-seeking shall withhold himself from the great work, for the curse shall abide with him, even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, then, and be doing; the blood of martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the highways, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from deso-



late isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrants' high places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and desarts from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man — all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Then whoso will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let them enter into God's service, and take arms at the hand of his servant, — a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the ninth generation, even the blessing of the promise, for ever and ever! Amen."

The eloquence of the preacher was rewarded by the deep hum of stern approbation which resounded through the armed assemblage at the conclusion of an exhortation so well suited to that which they had done, and that which remained for them to do. The wounded forgot their pain, the faint and hungry their fatigues and privations, as they listened to doctrines which elevated them alike above the wants and calamities of the world, and identified their cause with that of the Deity. Many crowded around the



preacher, as he descended from the eminence on which he stood, and, clasping him with hands on which the gore was yet hardened, pledged their sacred vow that they would play the part of Heaven's true soldiers. Exhausted by his own enthusiasm, and by the animated fervour which he had exerted in his discourse, the preacher could only reply, in broken accents, — "God bless you, my brethren — it is his cause. — Stand strongly up and play the men — the worst that can befall us is but a brief and bloody passage to heaven."

Balfour, and the other leaders, had not lost the time which was employed in these spiritual exercises. Watch-fires were lighted, centinels were posted, and arrangements were made to refresh the army with such provisions as had been hastily collected from the nearest farm-houses and villages. The present necessity thus provided for, they turned their thoughts to the future. They had dispatched parties to spread the news of their victory, and to obtain, either by force or favour, supplies of what they stood most in need. In this they had succeeded beyond their hopes, having at one village seized a small magazine of provisions, forage, and ammunition, which had been provided for the royal forces. This success not only gave them relief at the time, but such hopes for the future, that whereas



formerly some of their number began to slacken in their zeal, they now unanimously resolved to abide together in arms, and commit themselves and their cause to the event of war.

And whatever may be thought of the extravagance or narrow-minded bigotry of many of their tenets, it is impossible to deny the praise of devoted courage to a few hundred peasants, who, without leaders, without money, without magazines, without any fixed plan of action, and almost without arms, borne out only by their innate zeal, and a detestation of the oppression of their rulers, ventured to declare open war against an established government, supported by a regular army, and the whole force of three kingdoms.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

*Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.*

*Henry IV. Part II.*

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**W**E must now return to the Tower of Tillietudlem, which the march of the Lifeguards, on the morning of this eventful day, had left to silence and anxiety. The assurances of Lord Evandale had not succeeded in quelling the apprehensions of Edith. She knew him generous, and faithful to his word; but it seemed too plain that he suspected the object of her intercession to be a successful rival; and was it not expecting from him an effort above human nature, to suppose that he was to watch over Morton's safety, and rescue him from all the dangers to which his state of imprisonment, and the suspicions which he had incurred, must repeatedly expose him? She therefore resigned herself to



the most heart-rending apprehensions, without admitting, and indeed almost without listening to, the multifarious grounds of consolation which Jenny Dennison brought forward, one after another, like a skilful general, who charges with the several divisions of his troops in regular succession.

First, Jenny was morally positive that young Milnwood would come to no harm — then, if he did, there was consolation in the reflection, that Lord Evandale was the better and more appropriate match of the two — then, there was every chance of a battle, in which the said Lord Evandale might be killed, and there wad be nae mair fash about that job — then, if the whigs gat the better, Milnwood and Cuddie might come to the Castle, and carry off the beloved of their hearts by the strong hand.

“For I forgot to tell ye, madam,” continued the damsel, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, “that puir Cuddie’s in the hands of the Philistines as weel as young Milnwood, and he was brought here a prisoner this morning, and I was fain to speak Tam Halliday fair, and fleech him, to let me near the puir creature; but Cuddie wasna sae thankfu’ as he needed till hae been neither,” she added, and at the same time changed her tone, and briskly withdrew the handkerchief from her face; “so I will ne’er



waste my e'en wi' greeting about the matter. There wad be aye enow o' young men left, if they were to hang the tae half o' them."

The other inhabitants of the Castle were also in a state of dissatisfaction and anxiety. Lady Margaret thought that Colonel Grahame, in commanding an execution at the door of her house, and refusing to grant a reprieve at her request, had fallen short of the deference due to her rank, and had even encroached on her seignoral rights,

"The Colonel," she said, "ought to have remembered, brother, that the barony of Tillietudlem has the baronial privilege of pit and gallows, and therefore, if the lad was to be executed on my estate, (which I consider as an unhandsome thing, seeing it is in the possession of females, to whom such tragedies cannot be acceptable) he ought, at common law, to have been delivered up to my baillie, and justified at his sight."

"Martial law, sister," answered Major Bellen-den, "supersedes every other. But I must own I think Colonel Grahame rather deficient in attention to you; and I am not over and above pre-eminently flattered by his granting to young Evandale (I suppose because he is a lord, and has interest with the privy-council) a request which he refused to so old a servant of the king



as I am. But so long as the poor young fellow's life is saved, I can comfort myself with the fag end of a ditty as old as myself." And therewithal, he hummed a stanza:—

And what though winter will pinch severe  
Through locks of grey and a cloak that's old,  
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,  
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.'

"I must be your guest here to-day, sister. I wish to hear the issue of this gathering on London-hill, though I cannot conceive their standing a body of horse appointed like our guests this morning. — Woes me, the time has been that I would have liked ill to have sate in biggit wa's waiting for the news of a skirmish to be fought within ten miles of me! But, as the old song goes,

For time will rust the brightest blade,  
And years will break the strongest bow;  
Was never wight so starkly made,  
But time and years would overthrow.'

"We are well pleased you will stay, brother," said Lady Margaret; "I will take my old privilege to look after my household, whom this



collation has thrown into some disorder, although it is uncivil to leave you alone."

"O, I hate ceremony as I hate a stumbling horse," replied the Major. "Besides, your person would be with me, and your mind with the cold meat and reversionary pasties. — Where is Edith?"

"Gone to her room a little evil-disposed, I am informed, and laid down in her bed for a gliff," said her grandmother, "as soon as she wakes, she shall take some drops."

"Pooh! pooh! she's only sick of the soldiers," answered Major Bellenden. — "She's not accustomed to see one acquaintance led out to be shot, and another marching off to actual service with some chance of not finding his way back again. She would soon be used to it, if the civil war were to break out again."

"God forbid, brother!" said Lady Margaret.

"Ay, Heaven forbid, as you say — and in the mean time, I'll take a hit at tricktrack with Harrison."

"He has ridden out, sir," said Gudyill, "to try if he can hear any tidings of the battle,"

"D—n the battle," said the Major; "it puts this family as much out of order as if there had never been such a thing in the country before — and yet there was such a place as Kilsythe, John."



“Ay, and as Tippermuir, your honour,” replied Gudyill, “where I was his honour, my late master’s rear-rank man.”

“And Alford, John, where I commanded the horse; and Innerlochy, where I was the great Marquis’s aid-de-camp; and Auld Earn, and Brig o’ Dee.”

“And Philiphaugh, your honour,” said John.

“Umph!” replied the Major; “the less, John, we say about the matter, the better.”

However, being once fairly embarked on the subject of Montrose’s campaign, the Major and John Gudyill carried on the war so stoutly, as for a considerable time to keep at bay the formidable enemy called Time, with whom retired veterans, during the quiet close of a bustling life, usually wage an unceasing hostility.

It has been frequently remarked, that the tidings of important events fly with a celerity almost beyond the power of credibility, and that reports, correct in the general point, though inaccurate in details, precede the certain intelligence, as if carried by the birds of the air. Such rumours anticipate the reality, not unlike to the “shadows of coming events” which occupy the imagination of the Highland Seer. Harrison, in his ride, encountered some such report concerning the event of the battle, and turned his horse back to Tillietudlem in great



dismay. He made it his first business to seek out the Major, and interrupted him in the midst of a prolix account of the siege and storm of Dundee, with the ejaculation, "Heaven send, Major, that we do not see a siege of Tillietudlem before we are many days older."

"How is that, Harrison? — what the devil do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished veteran.

"Troth, sir, there is strong and increasing belief that Claver'se is clean broken, some say killed; that the soldiers are all dispersed, and that the rebels are hastening this way, threatening death and devastation to a' that will not take the Covenant."

"I will never believe that," said the Major, starting on his feet — "I will never believe that the Life-guards would retreat before rebels; — and yet why need I say that," he continued, checking himself, "when I have seen such sights myself? — Send out Pike, and one or two of the servants, for intelligence, and let all the men in the Castle and in the village that can be trusted take up arms. This old tower may hold them play a bit, if it were but victualled and garrisoned, and it commands the pass between the high and low countries. — It's lucky I was here. — Go, muster men, Harison. You, Cudyill, look what provisions you have or can



get brought in, and be ready, if the news be confirmed, to knock down as many bullocks as you have salt for. — The well never goes dry. — There are some old-fashioned guns on the battlements; if we had but ammunition, we should do well enough.”

“The soldiers left some casks of ammunition at the Grange this morning, to bide their return,” said Harrison.

“Hasten, then,” said the Major, “and bring it into the Castle, with every pike, sword, pistol, or gun, that is within our reach; don’t leave so much as a bodkin — lucky that I was here. — I will speak to my sister instantly.”

Lady Margaret Bellenden was astounded at intelligence so unexpected and so alarming. It had seemed to her, that the imposing force which had that morning left her walls, was sufficient to have routed all the disaffected in Scotland, if collected in a body; and her first reflection was upon the inadequacy of their own means of resistance, to an army strong enough to have defeated Claverhouse and such select troops.

“Woes me! woes me!” said she; “what will all that we can do avail us, brother? — What will resistance do but bring sure destruction on the house, and on the bairn Edith; for, God knows, I think nae on my ain auld life.”

“Come, sister,” said the Major, “you must



not be cast down; the place is strong, the rebels ignorant and ill-provided; my brother's house shall not be made a den of thieves and rebels while old Miles Bellenden is in it. My hand is weaker than it was, but I thank my old grey hairs that I have some knowledge of war yet. Here comes Pike with intelligence. — What news, Pike? Another Philiphaugh job, eh? ”

“Ay, ay, ” said Pike, composedly; “a total scattering. — I thought this morning little gude would come o’ their new-fangled gate of sling-  
ing their carabines.”

“Whom did you see? — Who gave you the news? ” asked the Major.

“O, mair than half-a-dozen dragoon fellows, that are a’ on the spur whilk to get first to Hamilton. They’ll win the race, I warrant them, win the battle wha like.”

“Continue your preparations, Harrison; get your ammunition in, and the cattle killed. Send down to the borough-town for what meat you can get in. We must not lose an instant. — Had not Edith and you, sister, better return to Charnwood, while we have the means of sending you there? ”

“No, brother, ” said Lady Margaret, looking very pale, but speaking with the greatest composure; “since the auld house is to be held out,



I will take my chance in it. I have fled twice from it in my days, and I have aye found it desolate of its bravest and its bonniest when I returned; sae that I will e'en abide now, and end my pilgrimage in it."

"It may, on the whole, be the safest course both for Edith and you," said the Major; "for the whigs will rise all the way between this and Glasgow, and make your travelling there, or your dwelling at Charnwood, very unsafe."

"So be it, then," said Lady Margaret; "and, dear brother, as the nearest blood-relation of my deceased husband, I deliver to you, by this symbol," — (here she gave into his hand the venerable gold-headed staff of the deceased Earl of Torwood) — "the keeping and government and seneschalship of my Tower of Tillietudlem, and the appurtenances thereof, with full power to kill, slay, and damage those who shall assail the same, as freely as I might do myself. And I trust you will so defend it, as becomes a house in which his most sacred majesty has not disdained" —

"Pshaw! sister," interrupted the Major, "we have no time to speak about the king and his breakfast just now!"

And, hastily leaving the room, he hurried, with all the alertness of a young man of twenty-five, to examine the state of his garrison, and



superintend the measures which were necessary for defending the place.

The Tower of Tillietudlem, having very thick walls, and very narrow windows, having also a very strong court-yard wall, with flanking turrets on the only accessible side, and rising on the other from the very verge of a precipice, was fully capable of defence against any thing but a train of heavy artillery.

Famine or escalade was what the garrison had chiefly to fear. For artillery, the top of the Tower was mounted with some antiquated wall-pieces, and small cannons, which bore the old-fashioned names of culverins, sakers, demi-sakers, falcons, and falconets. These, the Major, with the assistance of John Gudyill, caused to be scaled and loaded, and pointed them so as to command the road over the brow of the opposite hill by which the rebels must advance, causing, at the same time, two or three trees to be cut down, which would have impeded the effect of the artillery when it should be necessary to use it. With the trunks of these trees, and other materials, he directed barricades to be constructed upon the winding avenue which rose to the Tower from the highroad, taking care that each should command the other. The large gate of the court-yard he barricadoed yet more strongly, leaving only a wicket open for



the convenience of passage. What he had most to apprehend, was the slenderness of his garrison; for all the efforts of the steward were unable to get more than nine men under arms, himself and Gudyill included; so much more popular was the cause of the insurgents than that of the government. Major Bellenden, and his trusty servant Pike, made the garrison eleven in number, of whom one half were old men. The round dozen might indeed have been made up, would Lady Margaret have consented that Goose Gibbie should again take up arms. But she recoiled from the proposal, when moved by Gudyill, with such abhorrent recollection of the former achievements of that luckless cavalier, that she declared she would rather the Castle were lost than that he were to be enrolled in the defence of it. With eleven men, however, himself included, Major Bellenden determined to hold out the place to the uttermost.

The arrangements for defence were not made without the degree of fracas incidental to such occasions. Women shrieked, cattle bellowed, dogs howled, men ran to and fro, cursing and swearing without intermission; the lumbering of the old guns backwards and forwards shook the battlements; the court resounded with the hasty gallop of messengers, who went and returned upon errands of importance, and the din



of warlike preparation was mingled with the sounds of female lamentation.

Such a Babel of discord might have awakened the slumbers of the very dead, and, therefore, was not long ere it dispelled the abstracted reveries of Edith Bellenden. She sent out Jenny to bring her the cause of the tumult which shook the castle to its very basis; but Jenny, once engaged in the bustling tide, found so much to ask and to hear that she forgot the state of anxious uncertainty in which she had left her young mistress. Having no pigeon to dismiss in pursuit of information when her raven-messenger had failed to return with it, Edith was compelled to venture in quest of it out of the ark of her own chamber into the deluge of confusion which overflowed the rest of the castle. Six voices, speaking at once, informed her, in reply to her first enquiry, that Claver'se and all his men were killed, and that ten thousand whigs were marching to besiege the castle, headed by John Balfour of Burley, young Milnwood, and Cud-die Headrigg. This strange association of persons seemed to infer the falsehood of the whole story, and yet the general bustle in the castle intimated that danger was certainly apprehended.

"Where is Lady Margaret?" was Edith's second question.

"In her oratory," was the reply; a cell ad-  
XLIX. L



joining to the old chapel in which the good old lady was wont to spend the greater part of the days destined by the rules of the Episcopal Church to devotional observances, as also the anniversaries of those on which she had lost her husband and her children, and, finally, those hours, in which a deeper and more solemn address to Heaven was called for, by national or domestic calamity.

«Where, then, » said Edith, much alarmed, «is Major Bellenden? »

«On the battlements of the Tower, madam, pointing the cannon, » was the reply.

To the battlements, therefore, she made her way, impeded by a thousand obstacles, and found the old gentleman, in the midst of his natural military element, commanding, rebuking, encouraging, instructing, and exercising all the numerous duties of a good governor.

«In the name of God, what is the matter, uncle? » exclaimed Edith.

«The matter, my love? » answered the Major coolly, as, with spectacles on his nose, he examined the position of a gun — «the matter? — Why — raise her breech a thought more, John Gudyill — the matter? Why, Claver'se is routed, my dear, and the whigs are coming down upon us in force, that's all the matter.»



“Gracious powers!” said Edith, whose eye at that instant caught a glance of the road which ran up the river, “and yonder they come.”

“Yonder? where?” said the veteran, and his eyes taking the same direction, beheld a large body of horsemen coming down the path. “Stand to your guns, my lads,” was the first exclamation; “we’ll make them pay toll as they pass the heugh. — But stay, stay, these are certainly the Life - guards.”

“O no, uncle, no,” replied Edith; “see how disorderly they ride, and how ill they keep their ranks; these cannot be the fine soldiers who left us this morning,”

“Ah, my dear girl!” answered the Major, “you do not know the difference between men before a battle and after a defeat; but the Life-guards it is, for I see the red and blue, and the King’s colours. I am glad they have brought them off, however.”

His opinion was confirmed, as the troopers approached nearer, and finally halted on the road beneath the Tower; while their commanding officer, leaving them to breathe and refresh their horses, hastily rode up the hill.

“It is Claverhouse, sure enough,” said the Major; “I am glad he has escaped, but he has



lost his famous black horse. Let Lady Margaret know, John Gudyill; order some refreshments; get oats for the soldiers' horses; and let us to the hall, Edith, to meet him. I surmise we shall hear but indifferent news."

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## CHAPTER XX.

*With careless gesture, mind unmoved,  
On rade he north the plain,  
His seem in thrang of fiercest strife,  
When winner aye the same.*

*Hardyknute.*

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COLONEL GRAHAME of Claverhouse met the family, assembled in the hall of the Tower, with the same serenity and the same courtesy which had graced his manners in the morning. He had even had the composure to rectify in part the disorders of his dress, to wash the signs of battle from his face and hands, and did not appear more disordered in his exterior than if returned from a morning ride.

“I am grieved, Colonel Grahame,” said the reverend old lady, the tears trickling down her face, “deeply grieved.”



“And I am grieved, my dear Lady Margaret,” replied Claverhouse, “that this misfortune may render your remaining at Tillietudlem dangerous for you, especially considering your recent hospitality to the King’s troops, and your well-known loyalty. And I came here chiefly to request Miss Bellenden and you to accept my escort (if you will not scorn that of a poor runaway) to Glasgow, from whence I will see you safely sent either to Edinburgh or to Dumbarton Castle, as you shall think best.”

“I am much obliged to you, Colonel Grahame,” replied Lady Margaret, “but my brother, Major Bellenden, has taken on him the responsibility of holding out this house against the rebels; and, please God, they shall never drive Margaret Bellenden from her ain hearth-stane while there’s a brave man that says he can defend it.”

“And will Major Bellenden undertake this?” said Claverhouse hastily, a joyful light glancing from his dark eye as he turned it on the veteran, — “Yet why should I question it? it is of a piece with the rest of his life. — But have you the means, Major?”

“All, but men and provisions, with which we are ill supplied,” answered the Major.

“As for men”, said Claverhouse, “I will leave you a dozen or twenty fellows, who will make good a breach against the devil. It will be of



the utmost service, if you can defend the place but a week, and by that time you must surely be relieved."

"I will make it good for that space, Colonel," replied the Major, "with twenty-five good men and store of ammunition, if we should gnaw the soles of our shoes for hunger; but I trust we shall get in provisions from the country."

"And, Colonel Grahame, if I might presume a request," said Lady Margaret, "I would entreat that Serjeant Francis Stuart might command the auxiliaries whom you are so good as to add to the garrison of our people; it may serve to legitimate his promotion, and I have a prejudice in favour of his noble birth."

"The serjeant's wars are ended, madam," said Grahame, in an unaltered tone, "and he now needs no promotion that an earthly master can give."

"Pardon me," said Major Bellenden, taking Claverhouse by the arm, and turning him away from the ladies, "but I am anxious for my friends; I fear you have other and more important loss. I observe another officer carries your nephew's standart."

"You are right, Major Bellenden," answered Claverhouse firmly; "my nephew is no more. He has died in his duty, as became him."

"Great God!" exclaimed the Major, "how



unhappy! — the handsome, gallant, high-spirited youth!”

“He was, indeed, all you say,” answered Claverhouse; “poor Richard was to me as an eldest son, the apple of my eye, and my destined heir; but he died in his duty, and I — I — Major Bellenden” — (he wrung the Major’s hand hard as he spoke) — “I live to avenge him.”

“Colonel Grahame,” said the affectionate veteran, his eyes filling with tears, “I am glad to see you bear this misfortune with such fortitude.”

“I am not a selfish man,” replied Claverhouse, “though the world will tell you otherwise; I am not selfish either in my hopes or fears, my joys or sorrows. I have not been severe for myself, or grasping for myself, or ambitious for myself. The service of my master and the good of the country is what I have tried to aim at. I may, perhaps, have driven severity into cruelty, but I acted for the best; and now I will not yield to my own feelings a deeper sympathy than I have given to those of others.”

“I am astonished at your fortitude under all the unpleasant circumstances of this affair,” pursued the Major.

“Yes,” replied Claverhouse, “my enemies in the council will lay this misfortune to my charge — I despise their accusations. They will calumniate me to my sovereign — I can repel their



charge. The public enemy will exult in my flight — I shall find a time to shew them that they exult too early. This youth that has fallen stood betwixt a grasping kinsman and my inheritance, for you know that my marriage-bed is barren; yet, peace be with him! the country can better spare him than your friend Lord Evandale, who, after behaving very gallantly, has, I fear, also fallen."

"What a fatal day!" ejaculated the Major. "I heard a report of this, but it was again contradicted; it was added, that the poor young nobleman's impetuosity had occasioned the loss of this unhappy field."

"Not so, Major," said Grahame; "let the living officers bear the blame, if there be any, and let the laurels flourish untarnished on the grave of the fallen. I do not, however, speak of Lord Evandale's death as certain; but killed, or prisoner, I fear he must be. Yet he was extricated from the tumult the last time we spoke together. We were then on the point of leaving the field with a rear-guard of scarce twenty men; the rest of the regiment were almost dispersed."

"They have rallied again soon," said the Major, looking from the window on the dragoons, who were feeding their horses and refreshing themselves beside the brook.

"Yes," answered Claverhouse, "my black-



guards had little temptation either to desert, or to straggle farther than they were driven by their first panic. There is small friendship and scanty courtesy between them and the boors of this country; every village they pass is likely to rise on them, and so the scoundrels are driven back to their colours by a wholesome terror of spits, pike-staves, hay-forks, and broom-sticks. — But now let us talk about your plans and wants, and the means of corresponding with you. To tell you the truth, I doubt being able to make a long stand at Glasgow, even when I have joined my Lord Ross; for this transient and accidental success of the fanatics will raise the devil through all the western counties.”

They then discussed Major Bellenden's means of defence, and settled a plan of correspondence, in case a general insurrection took place, as was to be expected. Claverhouse renewed his offer to escort the ladies to a place of safety; but, all things considered, Major Bellenden thought they would be in equal safety at Tillietudlem.

The Colonel then took a polite leave of Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, assuring them, that, though he was reluctantly obliged to leave them for the present in dangerous circumstances, yet his earliest means should be turned to the redemption of his character as a good knight



and true, and that they might speedily rely on hearing from or seeing him.

Full of doubt and apprehension, Lady Margaret was little able to reply to a speech so much in unison with her usual expressions and feelings, but contented herself with bidding Claverhouse farewell, and thanking him for the succours which he had promised to leave them. Edith longed to enquire the fate of Henry Morton, but could find no pretext for doing so, and could only hope that it had made a subject of some part of the long private communication which her uncle had held with Claverhouse. On this subject, however, she was disappointed; for the old cavalier was so deeply immersed in the duties of his new office, that he had scarce said a single word to Claverhouse, excepting upon military matters, and most probably would have been equally forgetful had the fate of his own son, instead of his friend's, lain in the balance.

Claverhouse now descended the bank on which the castle is founded, in order to put his troops again in motion, and Major Bellenden accompanied him to receive the detachment who were to be left in the Tower.

"I shall leave Inglis with you," said Claverhouse, "for, as I am situated, I cannot spare an officer of rank; it is all we can do, by our joint efforts, to keep the men together. But



should any of our missing officers make their appearance, I authorise you to detain them, for my fellows can with difficulty be subjected to any other authority."

His troops being now drawn up, he picked out sixteen men by name, and committed them to the command of Corporal Inglis, whom he promoted to the rank of serjeant upon the spot.

"And hark ye, gentlemen," was his concluding harangue, "I leave you to defend the house of a lady, and under the command of her brother, Major Bellenden, a faithful servant of the King. You are to behave bravely, soberly, regularly, and obediently, and each of you shall be handsomely rewarded on my return to relieve the garrison. In case of mutiny, cowardice, neglect of duty, or the slightest excess in the family, the provost-marshal and cord — you know I keep my word for good and evil."

He touched his hat as he bade them adieu, and shook hands cordially with Major Bellenden.

"Adieu," he said, "my stout-hearted old friend! Good luck be with you, and better times to us both."

The horsemen whom he commanded had been once more reduced to tolerable order by the exertions of Major Allan, and, though shorn of their splendour, and with their gilding all besmirched, made a much more regular and mi-



litary appearance on leaving, for the second time, the Tower of Tillietudlem, than when they returned to it after their rout.

Major Bellenden, now left to his own resources, sent out several videttes, both to obtain supplies of provisions, and especially of meal, and to get knowledge of the motions of the enemy. All the news he could collect on the second subject tended to prove, that the insurgents meant to remain on the field of battle for that night. But they, also, had abroad their detachments and advanced guards to collect supplies, and great was the doubt and distress of those who received contrary orders, in the name of the King, and in that of the Kirk; the one commanding them to send provisions to victual the castle of Tillietudlem, and the other enjoining them to forward supplies to the camp of the godly professors of true religion, now in arms for the cause of covenanted reformation, presently pitched at Drumclog, nigh to Loudonhill. Each summons closed with a denunciation of fire and sword if it was neglected, for neither party could confide so far in the loyalty or zeal of those whom they addressed, as to hope they would part with their property upon other terms. So that the poor people knew not what hand to turn themselves to; and, to say



truth, there were some who turned themselves to more than one.

“Thir kittle times will drive the wisest o’ us daft,” said Niel Blane, the prudent host of the Howff; “but I’s e aye keep a calm sough. — Jenny, what meal is in the girnel?”

“Four bows o’ aitmeal, twa bows o’ bear, and twa bows o’ pease,” was Jenny’s reply.

“Aweel, hinny,” continued Niel Blane, sighing deeply, “let Bauldie drive the pease and bear meal to the camp at Drumclog — he’s a whig, and was the auld gude - wife’s pleughman — the mashlum — the mashlum bannocks will suit their muirland stamachs weel. He maun say it’s the last unce o’ meal in the house, or, if he scruples to tell a lie, (as it’s no likely he will when it’s for the gude o’ the house,) he may wait till Duncan Glen, the auld drunk trooper, drives up aitmeal to Tillietudlem, wi’ my dutifu’ service to my Leddy and the Major, and I haena as muckle left as will mak my parritch; and, if Duncan manage right, I’ll gi’e him a tass o’ whisky shall mak the blue low come out at his mouth.”

“And what are we to eat oursels then, father, when we hae sent awa’ the hail meal in the ark and the girnel?”

“We maun gar wheat-flour serve us for a blink,” said Niel, in a tone of resignation; “it’s no



that ill food, though far frae being sae hearty or kindly to a Scotchman's stomach as the curney aitmeal is; the Englishers live amaist upon't; but, to be sure, the pock-puddings ken nae better."

While the prudent and peaceful endeavoured, like Niel Blane, to make fair weather with both parties, those who had more public (or party) spirit, began to take arms on all sides. The royalists in the country were not numerous, but were respectable from their fortune and influence, being chiefly landed proprietors of ancient descent, who, with their brothers, cousins, and dependants, to the ninth generation, as well as their domestic servants, formed a sort of militia, capable of defending their own peel-houses against detached bodies of the insurgents, of resisting their demand of supplies, and intercepting those which were sent to the presbyterian camp by others. The news that the Tower of Tillietudlem was to be defended against the insurgents, afforded great courage and support to these feudal volunteers, who considered it as a strong-hold to which they might retreat, in case it should become impossible for them to maintain the desultory war they were now about to wage.

On the other hand, the towns, the villages, the farm-houses, the properties of small heri-



tors, sent forth numerous recruits to the presbyterian interest. These men had been the principal sufferers during the oppression of the time. Their minds were fretted, soured, and driven to desperation, by the various exactions and cruelties to which they had been subjected; and, although by no means united among themselves, either concerning the purpose of this formidable insurrection, or the means by which that purpose was to be obtained, most considered it as a door opened by Providence to obtain the liberty of conscience of which they had been long deprived, and to shake themselves free of a tyranny, directed both against body and soul. Numbers of these men, therefore, took up arms, and, in the phrase of their time and party, prepared to cast in their lot with the victors of Loudonhill.



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## CHAPTER XXI.

### *Ananias.*

*I do not like the man: He is a heathen,  
And speaks the language of Canaan truly.*

### *Tribulation.*

*You must await his calling, and the coming  
Of the good spirit. You did ill to upbraid him.*

### *The Alchemist.*

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WE return to Henry Morton, whom we left on the field of battle. He was eating, by one of the watch-fires, his portion of the provisions which had been distributed to the army, and musing deeply on the path which he was next to pursue, when Burley suddenly came up to him, accompanied by the young minister, whose exhortation after the victory had produced such a powerful effect.



“Henry Morton,” said Balfour abruptly, “the council of the army of the Covenant, confiding that the son of Silas Morton can never prove a lukewarm Laodicean, or an indifferent Gallio, in this great day have nominated you to be a captain of their host, with the right of a vote in their council, and all authority fitting for an officer who is to command Christian men.”

“Mr Balfour,” replied Morton, without hesitation, “I feel this mark of confidence, and it is not surprising that a natural sense of the injuries of my country, not to mention those I have sustained in my own person, should make me sufficiently willing to draw my sword for liberty and freedom of conscience. But I will own to you, that I must be better satisfied concerning the principles on which you bottom your cause ere I can agree to take a command amongst you.”

“And can you doubt of our principles,” answered Burley, “since we have stated them to be the reformation both of church and state, the rebuilding of the decayed sanctuary, the gathering of the dispersed saints, and the destruction of the man of sin?”

“I will own frankly, Mr Balfour,” replied Morton, “much of this sort of language, which, I observe, is so powerful with others, is entirely lost on me. It is proper you should be



aware of this before we commune further together." (The young clergyman here groaned deeply.) "I distress you, sir," said Morton; "but perhaps, it is because you will not hear me out. I revere the Scriptures as deeply as you or any Christian can do. I look into them with humble hope of extracting a rule of conduct and a law of salvation. But I expect to find this by an examination of their general tenor, and of the spirit which they uniformly breathe, and not by wresting particular passages from their context, or by the application of Scriptural phrases to circumstances and events with which they have often very slender relation."

The divine, whose name was Ephraim Macbriar, seemed shocked and thunderstruck with this declaration, and was about to remonstrate.

"Hush, Ephraim!" said Burley, "remember he is but as a babe in swaddling clothes. — Listen to me, Morton. I will speak to thee in the worldly language of that carnal reason, which is, for the present, thy blind and imperfect guide. What is the object for which thou art content to draw thy sword? Is it not that the church and state should be reformed by the free voice of a free parliament, with such laws as shall hereafter prevent the executive government from spilling the blood, tortu-



ring and imprisoning the persons, exhausting the estates, and trampling upon the consciences of men, at their own wicked pleasure?"

"Most certainly," said Morton; "such I esteem legitimate causes of warfare, and for such I will fight while I can wield a sword."

"Nay, but," said Macbriar, "ye handle this matter too tenderly, nor will my conscience permit me to fard or daub over the causes of divine wrath" —

"Peace, Ephraim Macbriar," again interrupted Burley.

"I will not peace," said the young man. "Is it not the cause of my Master who has sent me? Is it not a profane and an Erastian destroying of his authority, usurpation of his power, denial of his name, to place either king or parliament in his place as the master and governor of his household, the adulterous husband of his spouse?"

"You speak well," said Burley, dragging him aside, "but not wisely; your own ears have heard this night in council how this scattered remnant are broken and divided, and would ye now make a veil of separation between them? Would ye build a wall with unslacked mortar? — if a fox go up, it will breach it."

"I know," said the young clergyman, in reply, "that thou art faithful, honest, and zealous,



even unto slaying; but, believe me, this worldly craft, this temporizing with sin and with infirmity, is in itself a falling away, and I fear me Heaven will not honour us to do much more for His glory, when we seek to carnal cunning and to a fleshly arm. The sanctified end must be wrought by sanctified means."

"I tell thee," answered Balfour, "thy zeal is too rigid in this matter; we cannot yet do without the help of the Laodiceans and the Erastians; we must endure for a space the indulged in the midst of the council — the sons of Zeruiah are yet too strong for us."

"I tell thee I like it not," said Macbriar; "God can work deliverance by a few as well as by a multitude. The host of the faithful that was broken upon Pentland-hills, paid but the fitting penalty of acknowledging the carnal interest of that tyrant and oppressor, Charles Stuart."

"Well, then," said Balfour, "thou knowest the healing resolution that the council have adopted to make a comprehending declaration, that may suit the tender consciences of all who groan under the yoke of our present oppressors. Return to the council, if thou wilt, and get them to recall it, and send forth one upon narrower grounds. But abide not here to hinder my gaining over this youth whom my soul tra-



vails for; his name alone will call forth hundreds to our banners."

"Do as thou wilt, then," said Macbriar; "but I will not assist to mislead the youth, nor bring him into jeopardy of life, unless upon such grounds as will ensure his eternal reward."

The more artful Balfour then dismissed the impatient preacher, and returned to his proselyte.

That we may be enabled to dispense with detailing at length the arguments by which he urged Morton to join the insurgents, we shall take this opportunity to give a brief sketch of the person by whom they were used, and the motives which he had for interesting himself so deeply in the conversion of young Morton to his cause.

John Balfour of Kinloch, or Burley, for he is designated both ways in the histories and proclamations of that melancholy period, was a gentleman of some fortune, and of good family, in the county of Fife, and had been a soldier from his youth upward. In the younger part of his life he had been wild and licentious, but had early laid aside open profligacy, and embraced the strictest tenets of Calvinism. Unfortunately, habits of excess and intemperance were more easily rooted out of his dark, saturnine, and enterprising spirit, than the vices of



revenge and ambition, which continued, notwithstanding his religious professions, to exercise no small sway over his mind. Daring in design, precipitate and violent in execution, and going to the very extremity of the most rigid recusancy, it was his ambition to place himself at the head of the presbyterian interest.

To attain this eminence among the whigs, he had been active in attending their conventicles, and more than once had commanded them when they appeared in arms, and beaten off the forces sent to disperse them. At length, the gratification of his own fierce enthusiasm, joined, as some say, with motives of private revenge, placed him at the head of that party who assassinated the Primate of Scotland, as the author of the sufferings of the presbyterians. The violent measures adopted by government to revenge this deed, not on the perpetrators only, but on the whole professors of the religion to which they belonged, together with long previous sufferings, without any prospect of deliverance, except by force of arms, occasioned the insurrection, which, as we have already seen, commenced by the defeat of Claverhouse in the bloody skirmish of Loudonhill.

But Burley, notwithstanding the share he had in the victory, was far from finding himself at the summit which his ambition aimed at. This



was partly owing to the various opinions entertained among the insurgents concerning the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. The more violent among them did indeed approve of this act as a deed of justice, executed upon a persecutor of God's church through the immediate inspiration of the Deity; but the greater part of the presbyterians disowned the deed as a crime highly culpable, although they admitted, that the Archbishop's punishment had by no means exceeded his deserts. The insurgents differed in another main point, which has been already touched upon. The more warm and extravagant fanatics condemned, as guilty of a pusillanimous abandonment of the rights of the church, those preachers and congregations who were contented, in any manner, to exercise their religion through the permission of the ruling government. This, they said, was absolute Erastianism, or subjection of the church of God to the regulations of an earthly government, and therefore but one degree better than prelacy or popery. — Again, the more moderate party were content to allow the king's title to the throne, and, in secular affairs, to acknowledge his authority, so long as it was exercised with due regard to the liberties of the subject, and in conformity to the laws of the realm. But the tenets of the wilder set, called, from their leader Richard Cameron, by



the name of Cameronians, went the length of disowning the reigning monarch, and every one of his successors who should not acknowledge the Solemn League and Covenant. The seeds of disunion were, therefore, thickly sown in this ill-fated party; and Balfour, however enthusiastic, and however much attached to the most violent of those tenets which we have noticed, saw nothing but ruin to the general cause, if they were insisted on during this crisis, when unity was of so much consequence. Hence he disapproved, as we have seen, of the honest, downright, and ardent zeal of Macbriar, and was extremely desirous to receive the assistance of the moderate party of presbyterians in the immediate overthrow of the government, with the hope of being hereafter able to dictate to them what should be substituted in its place.

He was, on this account, particularly anxious to secure the accession of Henry Morton to the cause of the insurgents. The memory of his father was generally esteemed among the presbyterians; and, as few persons of any decent quality had joined the insurgents, this young man's family and prospects were such as almost ensured his being chosen a leader. Through Morton's means, as being the son of his ancient comrade, Burley conceived he might exercise some influence over the more liberal part of the



army, and ultimately, perhaps, ingratiate himself so far with them, as to be chosen commander-in-chief, which was the mark at which his ambition aimed. He had, therefore, without waiting till any other person took up the subject, exalted to the council the talents and disposition of Morton, and easily obtained his elevation to the painful rank of a leader in this disunited and undisciplined army.

The arguments by which Balfour pressed Morton to accept of this dangerous promotion as soon as he had gotten rid of his less artful and more uncompromising companion, Macbriar, were sufficiently artful and urgent. He did not affect either to deny or disguise that the sentiments which he himself entertained concerning church-government, went as far as those of the preacher who had just left them. But he argued, that when the affairs of the nation were at such a desperate crisis, minute difference of opinion should not prevent those who, in general, wished well to their oppressed country, from drawing their swords in its behalf. Many of the subjects of division, as, for example, that concerning the Indulgence itself, arose, he observed, out of circumstances which would cease to exist, provided their attempt to free the country should be successful, seeing that the presbytery, being in that case triumphant, would need to make no



such compromise with the government, and, consequently, with the abolition of the Indulgence, all discussion of its legality would be at once ended. He insisted much and strongly upon the necessity of taking advantage of this favourable crisis, upon the certainty of their being joined by the force of the whole western shires, and upon the gross guilt which those would incur, who, seeing the distress of the country, and the increasing tyranny with which it was governed, should, from fear or indifference, withhold their active aid from the good cause.

Morton wanted not these arguments to induce him to join in any insurrection, which might appear to have a feasible prospect of freedom to the country. He doubted, indeed, greatly, whether the present attempt was likely to be supported by the strength sufficient to ensure success, or by the wisdom and liberality of spirit necessary to make a good use of the advantages that might be gained. Upon the whole, however, considering the wrongs he had personally endured, and those which he had seen daily inflicted on his fellow-subjects; meditating also upon the precarious and dangerous situation in which he already stood with relation to the government, he conceived himself, in every point of view, called upon to join the body of presbyterians already in arms.



But, while he expressed to Burley his acquiescence in the vote which had named him a leader among the insurgents, and a member of their council of war, it was not without a qualification.

«I am willing,” he said, «to contribute every thing within my limited power to effect the emancipation of my country. But do not mistake me. I disapprove, in the utmost degree, of the action in which this rising seems to have originated, and no arguments should induce me to join it, if it is to be carried on by such measures as that with which it has commenced.”

Burley’s blood rushed to his face, giving a ruddy and dark glow to his swarthy brow.

«You mean,” he said, in a voice which he designed should not betray any emotion — «You mean the death of James Sharpe?”

«Frankly,” answered Morton, «such is my meaning.”

«You imagine, then,” said Burley, «that the Almighty, in times of difficulty, does not raise up instruments to deliver his church from her oppressors? You are of opinion that the justice of an execution consists, not in the extent of the sufferer’s crime, or in his having merited punishment, or in the wholesome and salutary effect which that example is likely to produce upon other evil-doers, but hold that it rests solely in the robe of the judge, the height of the bench, and the voice of the doomster? Is



not just punishment justly inflicted, whether on the scaffold or the moor? And where constituted judges, from cowardice, or from having cast in their lot with transgressors, suffer them not only to pass at liberty through the land, but to sit in the high places, and dye their garments in the blood of the saints, is it not well done in any brave spirits who shall draw their private swords in the public cause?"

"I have no wish to judge this individual action," replied Morton, "further than is necessary to make you fully aware of my principles. I therefore repeat, that the case you have supposed does not satisfy my judgment. That the Almighty, in his mysterious providence, may bring a bloody man to an end deservedly bloody, does not vindicate those who, without authority of any kind, take upon themselves to be the instruments of execution, and presume to call them the executors of divine vengeance."

"And were we not so?" said Burley, in a tone of fierce enthusiasm. "Were not we — was not every one who owned the interest of the Covenanted Church of Scotland, bound by that Covenant to cut off the Judas who had sold the cause of God for fifty thousand merks a-year? Had we met him by the way as he came down from London, and there smitten him with the edge of the sword, we had done but the duty of men



faithful to our cause, and to our oaths recorded in heaven. Was not the execution itself a proof of our warrant? Did not the Lord deliver him into our hands, when we looked out but for one of his inferior tools of persecution? Did we not pray to be resolved how we should act, and was it not borne in on our hearts as if it had been written on them with the point of a diamond, 'Ye shall surely take him and slay him?' — Was not the tragedy full half an hour in acting ere the sacrifice was completed, and that in an open heath, and within the patroles of their garrisons, and yet who interrupted the great work? — What dog so much as bayed us during the pursuit, the taking, the slaying, and the dispersing? Then, who will say — who dare say, that a mightier arm than ours was not herein revealed?"

"You deceive yourself, Mr Balfour," said Morton; "such circumstances of facility of execution and escape have often attended the commission of the most enormous crimes. But it is not mine to judge you. I have not forgotten that the way was opened to the former liberation of Scotland by an action of violence which no man can justify, — the slaughter of Cumming by the hand of Robert Bruce; and, therefore, condemning this action, as I do and must, I am not unwilling to suppose that you may have



motives vindicating it in your own eye, though not to mine, or to those of sober reason. I only now mention it, because I desire you to understand, that I join a cause supported by men engaged in open war, which it is proposed to carry on according to the rules of civilized nations, without, in any respect, approving of the act of violence which gave immediate rise to it."

Balfour bit his lip, and with difficulty suppressed a violent answer. He perceived, with disappointment, that, upon points of principle, his young brother in arms possessed a clearness of judgment, and a firmness of mind, which afforded but little hope of his being able to exert that degree of influence over him which he had expected to possess. After a moment's pause, however, he said, with coolness, "My conduct is open to men and angels; the deed was not done in a corner; I am here in arms to avow it, and care not where, or by whom, I am called on to do so, whether in the council, the field of battle, the place of execution, or the day of the last great trial. I will not now discuss it further with one who is yet on the outer side of the veil. But if you will cast in your lot with us as a brother, come with me to the council, who are still sitting, to arrange the future march of the army, and the means of improving our victory."



Morton arose and followed him in silence, not greatly delighted with his associate, and better satisfied with the general justice of the cause which he had espoused, than either with the measures or motives of many of those who were embarked in it.



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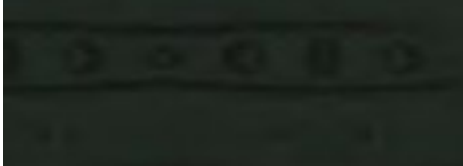
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